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CHRONICLE.

THE end of the week in which Parliament is prorogued is usually the most holiday time of the holiday season; and this has seldom been more the case than on the present occasion. On Saturday last, with the exception of a fatal accident at the Waltham Powder Factory, hardly a single matter of even slight importance either in domestic or in foreign intelligence was reported in the newspapers; and an enormous outburst of correspondence on trivial matters, and of long articles obviously kept for sunny, not rainy, days, apprised the wary newspaper-reader of the state of affairs. The accumulation of two days' news which Sunday causes somewhat relieved this dearth of incident on Monday; but, on the whole, it may be said that the English world had very little history at the end of last week, and so perhaps was happy.

**Foreign Affairs.** The conclusion of the German EMPEROR's visit to the CZAR drew some comment at the beginning of the week, and reports from the Zambezi showed that the Anglo-Portuguese Agreement had been concluded none too soon. The full text of the Agreement was published on Tuesday, and turns out to be even more favourable to England than the not altogether accurate abstracts of it implied; but on this we dilate elsewhere. —It had been announced earlier that Lord SALISBURY had once more "smiling put the question by" in reply to the singularly foolish, and almost unintelligible, persistence of the Porte in the Egyptian matter. As the SULTAN must be perfectly well aware that, whether Great Britain retires or not, Turkey will never be accorded by other Powers one inch of advance of influence in Egypt, and as such rights as she at present possesses are much safer with Englishmen at Cairo than with any one else, this kind of pestering passes comprehension, though it is harmless enough. —Dr. PETERS has come home, and is, it seems, pronounced "not unworthy of a copy of the sword of CHARLEMAGNE," which he received some time ago. "Under what circumstances is a man not unworthy of a 'copy of the sword of CHARLEMAGNE?'" would be a capital examination question of the modern kind. But we certainly have no intention of doing any despite to Dr. PETERS. As we have pointed out more than once before, he has done, or attempted to do, yeoman's service to his own country, and happy is the man of whom as much can be said. —The railway which starts from Mombassa, and which is being constructed by the British East African Company with hopes of reaching the Victoria Nyanza at any rate, and perhaps the Nile, was "inaugurated" on Wednesday. These projects are always in the highest degree uncertain, but every good luck shall be wished to this one, even if railways, and railways in tropical countries especially, may not seem to the wisher the best of all possible things. —It was announced, but has fortunately been contradicted, that the SULTAN had put a premium on treason and disorder by pardoning the culprits in the unprovoked riot at Koum Kapou. —On Tuesday the town of Tokay was burnt, thereby giving opportunity to the hard-pressed to talk about its wine. This wine has not been more famous than the extreme difficulty (unless a man happens to be a personal friend of someone high in K.K. quarters) of being sure that it is genuine. Perhaps no one would care to drink even genuine Tokay every day, while even before the days of the phylloxera few people could have had the chance of doing so. But as a "ladies' wine" it has no equal. —Some political interest has been attached to the recent excursion of an English lady with her husband over the passes of the Hindu Koosh, as illustrating the comparative ease with which the barrier can be passed. As

a matter of fact, however, all well informed military and political students have long given up the idea of an automatic barrier, and pains have been taken for some time past to arrange something firmer than peaks and passes in order to exclude inconvenient visitors. Indeed, mountain barriers are at best weak guards. There is no country in Europe which appears more exposed by sea and more guarded by land than Italy; there is none that has been so often invaded with success, and the invasion has been almost always from the land side.

**The Naval Manœuvres.** On Tuesday the first intelligence was heard from Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR's fleet, the cruiser *Arethusa* arriving at Plymouth with despatches, and being followed by the other ships a day or two later. Less interest has been shown in the Manœuvres this year, in the way of newspaper comment and correspondence, than usual, but some kind friends of England abroad are comforting themselves by the supposition that they have "proved" the possibility of keeping out of the way of an English fleet while destroying English commerce. Perhaps this is rather a rash generalization from Sir GEORGE TRYON's not exhaustive or exhausting efforts.

English politicians have hardly stirred them- Home Politics. selves up to much action or talking yet, but a demonstration was held on Sunday at Limerick by that pair of brothers, Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN, with the usual denunciation of Bishop O'DWYER, between whom and Mr. DILLON a pretty combat has gone on since. The Bishop has, among other things, made the observation that Mr. DILLON's aim is nothing less than to bring into public odium all who are not subservient to the present Nationalist leaders. Of course, it is neither more nor less than that. And as subservience to popular leaders, be their name what it may, is the only political principle left to a considerable English political party, the organs of that party naturally say and think that Dr. O'DWYER is a very bad man indeed.

As has been already noticed, correspondence Letters. has helped to fill the empty columns of the newspapers; but as yet their readers have been mercifully spared the special bore in that kind "which does not bless them each September" (if we may slightly alter PRAED), and which will too surely make its appearance as usual in that fated month. Sir EDWARD REED has contributed another very pleasant letter to the *Times*, a letter deliciously quivering with admiration of Sir EDWARD REED, dilating on that excellent thing the "persuasion" of black-legs (our ancestors used "convince" in the same agreeable ambiguity), and ending by majestically "commending to the good taste" of some Cardiff constituent "that modest respect for one's representative [to wit, Sir EDWARD REED] which can seldom fail to be a graceful tribute to the constituents and fellow townsmen who have elected him." —Mr. GLADSTONE's letter-bag has also been fertile, yielding, among other things, a dignified, though too mild, rebuke to some impertinent fool who had asked him why he did not go to Cardinal NEWMAN's funeral, another in which the "great old man" says that the onions of Hawarden "might challenge competition over a wide area," and a note on a new religious novel intended to crush, conclude, and quell another work of the same kind that surely might have been left to the merciful operations of time. —Cardinal MANNING's precedence, that old favourite with persons incontinent of pen, has led downwards to a discussion of the silly vanity which makes some Nonconformist ministers of the same denomination call themselves "rectors" of "parishes." —A triangular duel with very long letters has been fought between the Dean of

ST. ASAPH, a person named BATHACHE, and Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN on the subject of Welsh tithes, the DEAN exposing that most dishonest of all agitations for the nth time; Mr. BATHACHE ingenuously admitting that his clients, the embezzling farmers, know quite well that they themselves do not pay tithe, but detain it because they do not like the purposes on which it is spent by its owners; and Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN almost as ingenuously corroborating the admission.—Mr. F. SEEGER, who writes as an Argentinian (if that is the right word), has made a temperate defence of his country's solvency and prospects; while various letters which are now dropping in by the mails show the inconveniences of revolution as felt by those who are not to the manner born.—Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK and the authorities of St. Paul's have once more agreed to have a battle on the subject of the decoration of the interior of that Cathedral.—A protest, which might be sensible if there were any means of giving effect to it, has been raised against the hideous "sky-signs," the imaginer of which would have been, in the days of the good HAROUN-AL-RASCHID, promptly strung up to the tallest of them.

The fourth report of the Civil Service Commission has been issued, dealing with the Foreign Office and the whole diplomatic and consular system abroad. It contains some interesting facts and some important recommendations, and may be worth returning to.

The eminent Mr. JOHN BURNS was very busy last Sunday making three different speeches, or rather one speech in three different places to divers trade unions, imparting to his hearers the terrible news (which, we fear, is too good to be true) of a capitalist union, with eighty million pounds at its abominable bankers', and a determination to crush labour, and pacifically boasting that any association which tried to organize protection for blacklegs would "have its hair lifted."—The strikes in America (where, by the way, a good old rough-and-tumble fight has taken place on the polished floor of the House of Representatives) seem not to be making way; but those in Australia (where "labour" has nearly reached the paradise hoped for by Mr. JOHN BURNS) are very serious, and the whole seaboard traffic is reported as stopped.

On Tuesday the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE unveiled at Brussels a Waterloo monument which has been constructed by English subscriptions and designed by a sculptor with the name, famous of old time and very Belgian, of Count JACQUES DE LALAING. For, as an ingenious Frenchman observed but a day or two ago, the English are so eccentric that they commemorate their defeats; and, indeed, it is as good a test as another to decide whether an Englishman has his heart set and his head screwed on in the right places, to find out whether he is proud of Waterloo or not.

Another yacht race, which was not child's play, took place at the Dorset Yacht Club Regatta last Saturday, in which four boats sailed three times from Weymouth round the Shambles in a heavy sea, the schooner *Amphitrite* winning. The usual course of regattas follows that of empire at this time of year, and two more days of tribulation for heavily-sparred racing machines followed in Torbay on Monday and Tuesday. Here the new cutter, *Iverna*, proved herself a really staunch boat in heavy weather, and had much the better of her smooth-water victress, the *Thistle*.—The Cheltenham week ended by the Australians beating Gloucestershire, while Yorkshire got the better of Surrey at the Oval, and Hampshire of Sussex at Brighton. Cricket at the beginning of this week was much hampered by bad weather. The match which was expected with most interest, that between England and Australia at Manchester, could not even be begun on either of the three days assigned to it, and no match of importance was completed. Amends were to some extent made on Thursday, when the second division of matches, including the beginning of the "Scarborough week" and the return match between Surrey and Kent at the Oval, opened well in fine weather.—At York on Tuesday Mr. LOWTHER's good two-year-old, Cleator, was in luck again for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. On Wednesday Mr. CHARLTON's Silver Spur, a light weight, won the Ebor Handicap against such formidable opponents as Philomel and Tyrant, while Lord HARTINGTON's Curfew, a purchase just before the race, secured the Ebor St. Leger. On Thursday Mr. LASCELLES's Queen's Birthday won the Great Yorkshire Stakes easily from a very small field.

Accidents. Another bad boating accident has followed the many recently reported, four lives having been lost from the capsizing of a Deal galley on her way to the Goodwin Sands on Monday with five excursionists and two men as crew. There does not seem to have been any fault in the boat, the crew, or the passengers, and such accidents will happen from time to time. The fact, however, has not unnaturally drawn fresh attention to the Ilfracombe disaster of last week, where, as in too many recent calamities at the same place, it can hardly be said that the accident was an accident as far as any precautions taken by the authorities to secure competent management and suitable craft go. It is a perpetual miracle to all who go down to the Thames in boats that some hundreds of people are not drowned every holiday, and the sea is far more dangerous than the Thames.—A serious collision, the first of any importance during the holiday season, occurred on Thursday at Milngavie, on the North British Railway. More than thirty persons were injured, though none fatally. The accident naturally happened on a single line—a thing which, unless under very exceptional circumstances indeed, ought not now to be tolerated in Great Britain.

Miscellaneous. An exceedingly unnecessary inquest was held last Monday on the exhumed body of a certain

Mr. HART, who happened to meet with a fatal accident at a house to which unwholesome attention has recently been called by the lower kind of journalism.—On Tuesday last the Sanitary Congress met at Brighton; and the resignation of the Bishop of Worcester, one of the oldest prelates in the English Church, who has held his bishopric for nearly thirty years, was announced.—At a very successful Horse Show held by the Royal Dublin Society, Mr. BALFOUR, it seems, has won several prizes for sheep. This saddens and puzzles the Nationalists. They are not angry, to do them justice; they only faintly suggest favouritism. But "any man less likely to take an interest in the breeding of lambs than the present CHIEF SECRETARY" they cannot imagine. If it had been asps, now, or basilisks, or mantichoras, or a choice pen of that interesting beast the catoblepas (which, meaning in the Greek tongue "one that looks down," is peculiarly suitable to a supercilious tyrant), or a strain of man-eating horses! If it had even been goats! But sheep! that Mr. BALFOUR should take an interest in sheep!—The SPEAKER, addressing his constituents at Leamington on Wednesday, referred to a report that the Commonwealth mace, the original "bauble," is to be found at Kingston, and said that he had caused inquiries to be made about it. The result will not be uninteresting, though we have an indistinct remembrance of this Kingston story having been started before.

Obituary. Mr. COPE, R.A., who died towards the end of last week, but whose death then escaped notice, was a painter better known a generation ago than recently; for he had, unlike some of his colleagues, the wisdom not to obtrude what DRYDEN unkindly called, in JONSON's case, "dotages" on the public. He was better as a draughtsman than as a painter, and as a painter better in mural work than on canvas; while his skill with the etching-needle might, perhaps, have found more occupation with advantage.

Books, &c. A new (the fifth) edition of Messrs. JOHNSTON's *Handy Royal Atlas* (Edinburgh and London: W. & A. K. JOHNSTON), certainly one of the handiest and best of its kind, has appeared. We shall hope to notice it more fully presently, but we can give it no better testimony than the fact that, though it was published before the announcement of the terms of the Anglo-Portuguese agreement, we went through it with the official text, and found hardly a single point or name missing.

#### THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC.

THE sudden prevalence, not so much of strikes, which, as a matter of fact, have been going on all through the year, as of talk about strikes, is manifestly due in no small degree to the dearth of other matter to talk about. It has the silly season to itself this year, and Sir E. J. REED supplies, not inadequately, the place of the gigantic gooseberry and the sea serpent. The member for Cardiff is an improvement on these somewhat worn-out themes. Not even the sea serpent, though he was capable of much, had done



anything for a long time so amusing as Sir E. J. REED's letter of the 23rd. "The literary restraint," with which he criticizes Mr. BEYNON-HARRIS is more gigantic than the most gigantic gooseberry. The termination of his letter is a convincing answer to the critics who have accused Mr. S. GILBERT of exceeding the bounds of comic probability in some of the confessions of vanity or other human follies which he puts into the mouths of his puppets. In language worthy of POOH-BAH alone Sir E. J. REED accuses Mr. BEYNON-HARRIS of forgetting the "reverence due to me." But Sir E. J. REED has not all the folly to himself. The agitators are contributing their ample shares. There is a race between these persons at present—or rather there always has been a race, but during the prevailing absence of other matters to attract attention more than usual is seen of it. It is a very old story that Agitator A must not allow himself to be outbid by Agitator B. When, therefore, B declares that, unless poverty is swept away on the Surrey side, he will "kick up a row," Agitator A must at once come forward with assurances that the sight of suffering at Limehouse gives him a flinty-hearted desire to confiscate the property of landlords in Wiltshire. A conflict of cheapjacks of this kind is no new thing. Whosoever has memory for reading older than the papers of last week will remember many such auctions as the particular one which has been going on of late between Agitators A, B, and C, whose distinguished names need not be specified. They, with their ever increasingly blatant rhetoric, their constantly more magnificent promises, the digs in the back they give one another, and the art they occasionally show in tripping one another up, make a not bad study in demagoguery.

But all is not talk in the strike mania. Very far from it. There is a very obstinate determination among workmen at present, not in one country, but all over the English-speaking world, and to some extent among other peoples, to enjoy more and to work less. To attain that object they are organizing everywhere, and are everywhere prepared to use force without measure or scruple. The very sandwich men, and the girls in rabbit-dressing factories, are forming unions. Dublin, as is very natural in the capital of a country which has always abounded in "societies," and is accustomed to their terrorism, has just supplied an admirable example of what the methods of these unions may be expected to be. In that city the Alliance Gas Company has had an experience which is exactly the reverse of the South Metropolitan's here in London. It has fallen completely under the control of its employes, who are members of a union. A firm of coal merchants in the city, Messrs. McCORMICK, has just beaten a strike of its own, and for that victory it is banished by the employes of the gas works. They will not allow it to obtain coke. The directors are helpless, and the law apparently supplies no remedy, or, if it does, there is nobody with the power or the courage to set the law in motion. What the Alliance Gas men have done in Dublin, unions are either doing or propose to do from St. Louis to Melbourne. It is a truism to say that they will never attain to all they are aiming at, but they will try hard, and it is for many reasons extremely probable that they may do a great deal of mischief before they are taught by experience or are beaten. Unless there is a very marked change of spirit in their opponents, they will have a very easy victory for a time, and, in a sense, they will deserve it. Whatever faults the unions have, and they are many, this must be said for them, that during the last two years they have, as a rule, shown much more clearly than the employers that they knew what they wanted, and how to get it. Moreover, they have shown a readiness to stand by one another, which may be, and indeed is, inspired consciously or unconsciously by selfish motives, but is, at any rate, more sagacious and more respectable than the utter want of spirit too commonly shown by the employers. Indeed, it will be as well for their own credit if the capitalists as a class abstain from taunting their enemy with selfish views. It would be very hard for any union to show a meaner spirit than was shown by the shipowners of London during the Dock Strike. Another cause which will materially help the unions is the kind of tacit agreement by which their orators are left in possession of the field. The "Labour and Wages Question," to use a clumsy phrase for want of a better, has now been a very prominent one for two good years, at least. During that time infinite mischievous nonsense has been talked to the working class with little answer except in quarters

where it is not heard by them. Everybody knows how much Socialism and how much passion which will certainly have its effect on politics have been mixed up in the struggle; and yet, with the exception of one speech from Mr. SMITH and the resistance offered to the Eight Hours Bill by Mr. BRADLAUGH, the politicians have uniformly abstained from speech on the whole question. It may be that argument would be thrown away; but, while that is possible, it is certain that the most effectual of all ways of incurring defeat is to run away without a fight. The melancholy probability is that the political gentlemen are waiting to see what the Trades-Unions amount to in voting power before deciding on which side of the fence it will be safer to come down.

The time has passed when the system of isolated resistance to this movement among the workmen can serve. The employers must recognize what is called in modern revolutionary cant the "solidarity" of their interests. Among the workmen this general interest is recognized—sometimes foolishly enough, as in the case of the recent fiasco of a strike on the Tyne, which was begun hastily, out of sympathy with the Danish sailors, and then dropped when it was found that shipowners at Copenhagen were not to be coerced by strikes against shippers in English ports. A mere folly of this kind is itself, however, a sign of the sincerity with which many workmen do believe in the identity of their interests, irrespective of class and nation. A more serious instance is almost certain to be given by the London dockers, to whom the Australian labourers of the same class have applied for help in the present strike in New South Wales and Victoria. The voluntary tax of a shilling a week to which the Englishmen are said to be about to subject themselves, in order to repay the help they received in the strike of last year, may not be paid long or paid at all without the application of a good deal of pressure. But something will be collected, and that something will go to the support of the Australian strike. The employers must prepare to follow the example or resign themselves to be beaten in detail. If they only show a little foresight, resolution, and power of self-sacrifice, there is absolutely no reason why they should not make a stand with success. The workmen are by no means so unanimous as it pleases their leaders to assert. The dissensions which have arisen in the North between the shipjoiners and the shipwrights show that the interests of different classes of workmen do frequently clash. The letter of "Anglo-Australian" in the *Times* shows how very easily the Union may earn the hostility of a minority of men in the trade, quite large enough to destroy it, if these are only properly supported by the employers. It has never been found impossible to secure outside help when it has been properly paid and protected. Of course, the occasion must be well chosen and carefully prepared for. There must be no mere refusal of money when the state of the market is in favour of the men, and no treason to one another among the employers. The capitalists must understand that the longer resistance is delayed the more completely will the unions be organized, the more universally will the men be driven or tempted into them, and the stronger will be the hold of the demagogues on their followers. The prospect is not a pleasant one, but it cannot be cured by refusal to face it. That politicians of the respectable stamp have ignored it so long is only one proof more of the moral cowardice of this generation—and also of its unwisdom. For it is obvious that the fanatics will always be against the "respectable men," and equally so that the adventurers on the other side will use that fanaticism. What, then, is to be gained by shirking a conflict with the fanatic, and by leaving the field open to the adventurer?

#### THE "KNIGHT" AND THE BISHOP.

IT is generally admitted that Mr. DILLON possesses all the necessary virtues of the patriot—all the virtues without which no patriotic gentleman's moral treasury is complete—together with some special and peculiar attractions of his own to boot. He is all that Mr. PARNELL is, his more ardent admirers think, and all that Mr. O'BRIEN is; but besides this he is something that Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. PARNELL are not. He is as disinterested and devoted as either, and as to his truthfulness—well, truthfulness, to paraphrase a recent excellent saying, "is not the word for

"it." But, further, he is as ardent and fervid and impassioned, and all the rest of it, as Mr. DILLON is cold and calculating; and whereas people do not commonly prefix the enthusiastic adjective "chivalrous" to the otherwise honoured name of "WILLIAM O'BRIEN," it is understood that the quality of "chivalry" and the name of JOHN DILLON are indissolubly, if somewhat mysteriously, associated. He does not show it like the admirable WILLIAM by daring the fate of imprisonment and a diet of ham-sandwiches; a distinction between him and his brother patriot which, indeed, has attracted the attention of Bishop O'DWYER. Nor does he take the removable magistracy, figuratively speaking, by the beard, as others use, or sport on platforms, like Mr. WILFRID BLUNT, with the tangles of the Royal Irish Constabulary's hair. His chivalry, in fact, does not lead him towards *voies de fait*, but still, in his own way, he is chivalrous—oh, so chivalrous!—and when it is a question of collecting the bhoys at the gates of a bishop's palace, and getting up as big a hoot against its episcopal occupant as the lungs of the assembled crowd—a little disappointing in the size of its local contingent—can raise, then, indeed, there is no one to equal Mr. DILLON. He had Mr. O'BRIEN with him the other day on the occasion of this knightly laying of his lance in rest; but he did not really want him. Mr. DILLON made much the longer speech of the two last Sunday, and he therein so completely pulverized the prelate that he found it necessary to deliver another speech of two newspaper columns and a half at Clonmel a couple of days afterwards in reply to a letter addressed by Dr. O'DWYER to the *Freeman's Journal*. And even if this should cause some people to suspect that the attempt of the Irish BAYARD to intimidate a bishop by mobbing him, so to speak, in his cathedral city has not had quite the success anticipated for it, that does not affect the chivalry of the proceeding. Even a varray parfitt gentil knight may be occasionally unhorsed; but the perfection of his gentleness is not thereby impaired.

Chivalrous, however, as Mr. DILLON is, there is one person more chivalrous still, and that is Mr. DILLON's reporter. This *preux chevalier* is, indeed, too chivalrous; for no sooner does Mr. DILLON rise to his feet in the House of Commons than the knight to whom we refer becomes a knight-errant indeed. He dashes off into all sorts of heroic utterances, and delivers any number of daring defiance of men and facts; and all apparently under the delusion that it is Mr. DILLON, and not he himself, who is their author. Whether it is the contagion of Mr. DILLON's chivalry which produces this hallucination or not—whether it is that the reporter's pencil is irresistibly impelled to the stenography of the burning words which start to his lips at the mere contemplation of Mr. DILLON on his legs—we cannot say; but certain it is that he has forgotten himself in this way some dozen times already, and that he again lost his head the other night in the House of Commons when the object of his admiration was talking about the POPE and the PERSICO Mission. It seemed so natural to him to expect that Mr. DILLON in the full flow of his impassioned protest against the cruelty of forbidding the Irish tenant to plunder his landlord would speak with but scant respect even of the Head of his Church as responsible for this heartless prohibition that he must needs report him as having actually spoken in this sense. And so next morning the reporter, or rather the reporters—the word is generic and includes every professional transcriber of speeches, whatever his politics, and whoever his employer—had circulated throughout the country an account of Mr. DILLON's utterances, which is for the thirteenth time inaccurate, and which he has now had to make the subject of his thirteenth correction. Tiresome as the constantly recurring necessity must be to him, it is perfectly easy, on the hypothesis above stated, to explain its recurrence; and it is painful, therefore, to find Bishop O'DWYER still quoting these untrustworthy scribes, and even reminding the *Freeman's Journal* of the short letter of his which it published some time ago, and in which was set out the *Freeman's* own report of Mr. DILLON's words and that of *Hansard* side by side. This causes Mr. DILLON to say plaintively in his last speech—the one of two columns and a half—addressed to the slaying of his slain adversary, that "the Bishop of LIMERICK, having absolved me of personal dishonesty, now calls me a liar, because he says I did insult the sovereign 'Pontiff.'" As candid logicians we feel bound to admit that this reasoning does look as if it might be thrown into

the form of a quite unassailable syllogism; but we console ourselves by reflecting that even the utmost perfection of logical form is consistent with complete absence of material accuracy in any proposition.

It is, moreover, a pity that Mr. DILLON's eye should have been caught by this particular passage in the Bishop's letter, and that his quick sense of personal honour should have made him retort upon Dr. O'DWYER with that most crushing of all retorts:—"If you are right, on this matter, JOHN DILLON must be a liar; which is absurd—" if 'absurd' is the word for it"—to the neglect of another point which, if of lower personal interest, is of distinctly higher controversial value. True, he did not leave Dr. O'DWYER's question with reference to the sense in which he uses O'CONNELL's famous phrase entirely unnoticed; but, unfortunately, his answer leaves off abruptly just as he was approaching the most interesting of all the Bishop's interrogatories. "The legend planted prominently," he says, on one of their banners reads, "Our religion from Rome, our politics from home," and that sentiment has been the burden of Mr. DILLON's speech in the House of Commons and of Mr. O'BRIEN's equally scandalous speech at Manchester. "May I ask," continues the inquisitive prelate, "what do they mean by religion?" "Are the Ten Commandments included in it? May Rome inform them authoritatively whether certain actions are violations of the Commandments as being against justice and charity? If not, then they mean, whatever they say, 'not only our politics, but our religion from home.'" It is really most tantalizing to find that Mr. DILLON—only, of course, by some unaccountable oversight, for he is far too chivalrous to have shirked it intentionally—has left this question entirely unanswered. For the sake of his case, it is extremely to be regretted that he should have done so, because there are a good many people who think that the Bishop's interrogatory goes to the very root of the whole matter in dispute; that, in fact, there is really not much use in Mr. DILLON pursuing the argument until he has answered it, and that, unless he is prepared to answer it by saying that obedience to the Ten Commandments is not among the legitimate prescriptions of a religious instructor, there will be little use in his resuming the argument. All that it has occurred to him to say on the subject is that what he means by "religion from Rome and politics from home" is "what O'CONNELL meant when he used precisely the same expression." Even if O'CONNELL himself meant to exclude the Decalogue from the category of religion, Mr. DILLON's answer would be scarcely a satisfactory one; but, judging from the indignation with which the *Liberator* once rebuked the predatory proposals of one of his followers, we strongly suspect that Mr. DILLON does not mean what O'CONNELL meant by the phrase, if it is to be used to smuggle the Plan of Campaign out of the jurisdiction of ethics into the Alsatia of politics. But the question is not whether there is or is not political precedent for excluding the Decalogue from the religion which they take from Rome, but whether they do in fact exclude it or not. And the controversy should be declared closed on the side of Mr. DILLON's opponents until a plain and straightforward answer to that question can be dragged from this chivalrously reluctant witness.

We cannot part from the controversy without a word of commiseration for Archbishop WALSH, who has written to protest against the "dragging of his name into a dispute" with which, in any of its aspects, political, personal, or "otherwise controversial, he has nothing whatever to do." We can quite understand the Archbishop's annoyance. It cannot but be very disagreeable to a prelate—nay, even to an honourable layman—to find himself continually appealed to to repeat his approval of the conduct of a debtor who defrauds his creditor. But its special unpleasantness is surely due, not so much to the reason which he gives in his letter, as to its exact opposite. Is it not rather because he has "something to do" with the controversy—not, indeed, in its political and personal, but still in an "otherwise controversial" aspect—to wit, in its relation to the controversy whether Irish Catholic prelates should or should not co-operate in enforcing the spiritual injunctions of the Head of their Church—that the Archbishop, having the "something to do," and seeing another prelate manfully doing it, while he himself neglects it, feels so particularly uncomfortable?



## AS YOU LIKE IT IN BLACKWOOD.

WHEN there is heard the voice of dissent or detraction from an all but unanimous verdict, it is but natural that the voice, though it be only a cry in the wilderness, should attract attention through its very singularity. There is something of the nature of a challenge put forth in the September number of *Blackwood* by an anonymous writer on Mr. DALY's recent revival of *As You Like It* at the Lyceum. "*As You Like It* à l'Américaine" is the title of the *Blackwood* article, though perfect frankness might have suggested the substitution of "ROSALIND" for the play-title, as it is the avowed disagreement of Miss ADA REHAN's interpretation of the part of ROSALIND with the writer's conception of the character that inspires the article. It is generally an ill thing and ungracious to quarrel with unanimous verdicts, and in the present instance we can discover no ground whatever to justify the setting aside or reconsideration of the one given in this case. It is admitted by the *Blackwood* critic that Miss REHAN's ROSALIND was pronounced by the "critics of the journals," with scarcely an exception, to be "indeed perfection"; and now, as a critic of the magazines, he is constrained to say he finds it indeed faulty. We must all submit to correction—the public, the critics, and, most of all, the brilliant actress herself. We have been under a spell, it seems, and had forgotten the dramatist in the fascination of the individual interpreter. In the grand old style of *Maga* Miss REHAN is commanded to mend her ways. She is to get back—not to gallipots, indeed—but to nature, and the *variorum* Shakspeare, and study, and the ROSALIND of past stage example. There is an air of professional candour about this advice that actors only can appreciate to the full. It is as the voice of some veteran ORLANDO or TOUCHSTONE who minds him of the brave days when the text of SHAKSPEARE was respected on the stage and none but the ROSALIND of "our impression" was possible. For, it seems, this is the true source of the *Blackwood* critic's carping, this the inspiration of the solemn address to managers and the public to reform their tastes, and of the still more solemn warning to other actresses to avoid the errors of Miss REHAN. Her ROSALIND jars sorely, we are told, with the impression of ROSALIND which the *Blackwood* critic takes from SHAKSPEARE. Hence it must be wrong. As to the fascination, we must be all "translated" in some mystical fashion; for it is clearly the opinion of our singular critic we ought not to be charmed by Miss REHAN's ROSALIND, and if we continue under the fascination we are in very parlous case. Such is the judgment of *Blackwood*. When a writer expresses dissent from current criticism in terms so sweeping, and, it might be said, so rapacious, we might reasonably expect some more tangible basis for antagonism than an "impression," even though the impression be taken direct from SHAKSPEARE. The student who receives his impression of the dramatist through much reading, assisted by the labours of commentators and the annals of the stage, has a very erroneous idea of the perfect freedom of the actor's art who would make of that impression an infallible measure of the actor's achievement. Such impressions or conceptions must necessarily vary considerably. There have been distinguished critics who have confessed that their preconceptions or impressions of the interpretation of Shakspearian characters have been greatly modified after seeing actors of the first rank on the boards in such parts. When there has been unanimity among the critics, or what practically amounts to it, there has always been some difference of opinion on minor points; yet who recalls the solitary voice that decried the JULIET of Miss O'NEILL, the RICHARD of KEAN, the WERNER of MACREADY, or GARRICK's HAMLET? Miss REHAN's *Blackwood* critic may enjoy a melancholy and solitary distinction to-day; but after that comes the great oblivion.

There is no doubt, however, that Miss REHAN's ROSALIND has disagreed very badly with her critic. From first to last her rendering of the part arouses nothing but displeasure. "At the very outset," her first entrance is nothing but vicious and disrespectful to the text, for no better reason than that Miss REHAN is vivacious, whereas her critic would have her be sad. That ROSALIND is supposed to show more mirth than she is mistress of is sufficient justification of Miss REHAN's light-hearted demeanour. But the point, like others raised by the writer, is one upon which opinion may differ and yet leave untouched the vital truth and beauty of the actress's interpretation of the character. Nothing, indeed, that is urged with so much

vehemence on matters of deportment, no conjectures as to the behaviour that is proper to an ideal princess in the Forest of Arden, will in the least persuade us that the fascination of Miss REHAN's ROSALIND is not the natural effect of an artistic interpretation of the character. They are in fact details that, take them how we may, do not affect the actress's rendering in any vital part. For example, it is said that ROSALIND risks discovery by leaning her head on ORLANDO's shoulder as they sit together on the "antique roots" of an oak, and looking "up into his eyes like a love-sick girl." With singular gravity the critic asks, "Was this the way he would have had his 'right' 'ROSALIND' demean herself?" Now the question is—net how ORLANDO would have ROSALIND behave, but how ROSALIND should play the part of GANYMEDE, and very convincing is Miss REHAN's solution of the problem. The *Blackwood* critic, however, can find nothing but matter for fault-finding of a petty and often inscrutable kind in the whole performance. Considering how painful it is to suffer from an outraged "impression," it is really magnanimous in the writer to acknowledge the skill Mr. DALY has shown in his production of the play, the excellent acting of Mr. JOHN DREW in the wrestling scene, and the merits of Mr. CLARKE's delivery of the speech of JACQUES, "All the world's 'a stage.'" From one point of view, this latest testimony to the powers of Mr. DALY's company of comedians is by no means insignificant. Memorable must the occasion be accounted that called it forth, and the single voice of detraction as substantial a tribute to excellence as the general praise of public and critics.

## THE ANGLO-PORTUGUESE AGREEMENT.

TO the annoyance of map-makers, the exact details of the Anglo-Portuguese Agreement have necessitated a fresh adjustment of plates (or at least of colouring) almost before these useful practitioners had recovered from the agreement with Germany, and while they were, we may presume, still struggling to incorporate that with France. The work has not been done negligently, and the official details are even more favourable to England than the general summaries put forward last week. Particular attention may be called to the wise proviso by which Portugal is bound, even in the case of the regions which have been assigned to her, to part with nothing that England is at all likely to want without England's consent. There may, indeed, be two opinions about the cession, even under this proviso, of that horn of Amatorgaland (not the whole of it, as was erroneously reported) which bounds Delagoa Bay. But access from that quarter to the interior has for some time ceased to be highly valued by the best authorities on African affairs, who now seem to "set up their rest" rather on the Kosi route to the south, and that to Pungwé Bay—as to which special agreement is made—on the north. The *pretium affectionis* which Portugal set upon Zumbo has been gracefully recognized by awarding her a circle twenty miles in diameter round that place, and she has a strip of the Zambesi shore below it. A very fair Hinterland is allowed her up to Lake Nyassa, Lake Shirwa, the Ruu, and Tete, on the east; and a still larger one, subject to arrangements which she may make with Germany, at the back of the West coast, to the junction of the Zambesi with the Kabompo and the Congo State. She thus has accorded to her the great country commonly called Lunda on the maps with its marches southwards to the German sphere, while a rather ingenious arrangement of cross rights of way prevents the eastern and western parts of the Portuguese and the northern and southern parts of the British sphere from being cut off from each other. On the other hand, the entire country between Lake Nyassa, the Kabompo, the Congo State, and the Zambesi—that is to say, some seven degrees of latitude by ten of longitude (intruded upon, it is true, a little by the unwise inclusion of Msiri's Country in the Congo State; but that is remediable) falls to England. The Portuguese claims in Nyassaland and on the Shiré are definitely abandoned, as likewise those on Matabele and Mashona Land, and the right of way up the Zambesi is finally recognized, while specially careful and elaborate arrangements are made for securing access to the coast at more points than one.

It is doubtful whether, without unmerciful bullying of the weak, a better settlement could have been obtained, and it is satisfactory to see that reasonable Portuguese opinion

does not seem to be at all dissatisfied with it, though the Opposition newspapers of course rave. Probably (for mankind is after all but childkind) nothing has tended more to reconcile the Portuguese to the loss of that mighty province of Zumbo, which sublimely ignored all that England had done in virtue of what Portugal had claimed, than the concession of Zumbo itself, with its ten-mile radius, to the flag of the Most Faithful King. The new boundaries are a very little complicated, and the new kind of Portuguese half-breed explorer (of whom a dispassionate French observer gave a very unfavourable picture not long ago) may plead some difficulty in distinguishing them. But that will soon pass, especially if a pretty sharp example is made of the first person who follows the example of the magnanimous major who is now reposing at Lisbon, and the humorous lieutenant who is in some little trouble at Quilimane. British commerce and British missionary enterprise have as large a field as they can reasonably desire; and even the patriotism travestied of Mr. RHODES and Sir THOMAS UPINGTON can hardly pretend that the interests of the Cape have been neglected. On the other hand, such revival of energy as has recently exhibited itself in Portuguese colonization has room and verge enough, at the very least, to occupy it for a century or so to come. Last and best, this agreement completes the English road from Capetown to Cairo. There is not an inch of ground between the waters of Simon's Bay and those of the Nile which is not either British or subject to the covenanted easement of a right of way. And it will be Englishmen's fault if any other Power save England gets any hold of the Nile.

#### CARDINAL MANNING'S PRECEDENCE.

THE precedence or quasi-precedence accorded to Cardinal MANNING by the PRINCE OF WALES, by London's LORD MAYOR, and, if we remember aright, by the Bishop of LONDON (at the time of the dock strike), is still a subject of discussion. Questions were asked about it in the House of Commons some weeks ago; and to this day letters in which the question is debated *pro* and *con* frequently appear in the newspapers. The most remarkable thing about these letters is the extreme timidity of the complainants. It is not an unimportant matter; to Roman Catholics, and especially to the priesthood in all its degrees, it is a very important one. Neither is there much dubiety about it. Certainly and plainly, Cardinal MANNING has no good title to the rank which he has been allowed to take on various occasions, and which his co-religionists now affect to regard as a settled thing. Nevertheless, those who object to the insidious claims set up on behalf of the Cardinal go about the business with as much tenderness as if they were afraid to call white white and black black. And that, no doubt, is the actual state of the case. There were times when Roman Catholics suffered sore persecution in this country. That they were not always and absolutely guiltless, that a good deal of criminal conspiracy existed amongst them, is almost forgotten; and, besides, we do not think so harshly of criminal conspirators nowadays. What is remembered is the persecution; and the shame of it is so well kept up by the Spirit of Liberalism and the descendants of the sufferers that no one but an out-and-out "Protestant" dares to murmur a word of remonstrance against any kind of "Catholic" misdoing. Gentle inquiry and cooing expostulation are as much as most can venture. To speak a strong word straight out on such a matter as this of Cardinal MANNING's "precedence" would at once evoke a storm of indignant rebuke from a thousand throats, all screaming, like "F. W." in Thursday's *Times*, about "fanning the flame of bigotry," "stirring up the dying ashes of religious hatred," and so forth. The certainty that a little plain speaking would raise an uproar of this kind—in other words, the fear of all-conquering cant—has reduced protest against the advancement of a Papal prelate above every other Christian dignitary in England to the mildest terms. Not that this result of a somewhat ignoble apprehension is to be regretted. There is quite enough of disturbance in the "social fabric" without exciting an agitation which, if it once reached a certain point, would probably be rushed to extremes. As long as letter-writers and leader-writers maintain on this subject their present gentleness of tone there can be no excuse for asserting that what is really intended is a revival of religious persecution.

At the same time, however, the rights and decencies of the case must not be given up. In accents soft and low,

enough should be said to acquaint Nonconformist English princes of foreign creation that it may be discreet to narrow pretensions which must be denied whenever they are formally stated. Whatever claims to distinction Cardinal MANNING may have as a wise, pious, single-minded man are never likely to pass unacknowledged, as the profound respect in which Dr. NEWMAN was held by Englishmen of every denomination testifies. Nor will the consideration due to his rank in his own Church be refused. But he cannot be quite unaware that the precedence now claimed for him, and especially the claim to go before the bishops of the Anglican Church, is an offensive usurpation. It has been already said in good time that the precedence we are now discussing is no mere matter of conventional usage, but part and parcel of the law of England. Cardinal MANNING attained his highest point of precedence when he became Archdeacon in the English Church. His appointment as Archbishop and Cardinal by the Vatican advances him not a step beyond the place he abandoned to become a Roman Catholic priest; and this is so clearly undeniable that his present pretensions must rest upon an assumption of superiority as representative in England of the only true Church. To be sure, it has been argued that when his name was written immediately after that of the PRINCE OF WALES and before Lord SALISBURY's, on the appointment of the Housing of the Poor Commission, Cardinal MANNING received a kind of patent of precedence. But that error has been explained. It was an error of courtesy. The PRINCE OF WALES thought it would be civil to place the Cardinal's name high up in the list, and civil it was. But obviously there could have been no intention of formally ranking the Cardinal Archbishop of WESTMINSTER after the Heir to the Throne for ever after; and to strain a courtesy so far beyond its scope as the Cardinal's friends would do is more than graceless. It is hardly discreet, for one thing. It forces on the most reluctant mind all that has been said of the sleepless encroachments of the Romish priesthood, and the danger of trusting them to take no more than their full share of freedom.

Possibly it may be thought that Cardinal MANNING has another title to advancement on the roll of precedence; namely, his activity and influence as a politician. He certainly has been very busy in that calling for some time past, both as a supporter of the Irish agitation and as a friend of the friends of Mr. BURNS and Mr. TILLET. A little while since we had occasion to remark upon a singularly ingenious and meaning letter addressed to Mr. O'BRIEN, in which the Cardinal's sympathy with the Nationalist cause palpitated through every line; while there was not a single word of rebuke or sorrow for the atrocious cruelties of "the most profoundly Christian and the most energetically Catholic people on the face of the earth." This letter, however, with its joyful anticipation of "the day of restitution, when the people of Ireland will be re-admitted to the possession of their own soil," was only an occasional expression of the Cardinal's activity in politics so far as Ireland is concerned; though whether he has done much for the cause of Irish independence may be doubted, spite of the fact that his example has naturally been followed by nearly the whole of the Roman Catholic priests, most of whom are Irishmen. But whether his influence in this field of politics has been great or small, its exertion cannot be approved; as, indeed, it certainly is not by most English Roman Catholics themselves. There is a feeling amongst them that the bishops and princes of their Church had better abstain from interference in party politics; and their disquietude is none the less conscious because, in siding with the Irish bishops who countenance the League conspiracies, Cardinal MANNING appears to be somewhat evasive of the doctrine of his Church and the wishes of the Pope.

But, whatever the feeling of English Roman Catholics, other Englishmen certainly dislike the intervention of every sort of priest in the politics of the day; and indeed they have some right to resent it when the question is whether the people of one portion of the United Kingdom shall separate from the rest, get rid of the "English garrison," and regain "possession of their own soil." So far, then, Cardinal MANNING's political activity does not recommend him to exceptional advancement as a Prince of the Church. Mr. GLADSTONE himself would hardly argue that it does. Is Dr. MANNING more worthy of approval when he sheds upon Democratic Socialism the smiles of a Cardinal Archbishop? Does he not again go astray as a meddler in affairs which



the priest is expected to keep out of in this country? Would he be tolerated as such in even a Roman Catholic, or partly Roman Catholic, country, supposing it to be infected with social revolution, as the German Empire is? His Eminence may say, perhaps, that he does not smile upon Democratic Socialism; the undeniable truth is, however, that he is hailed by all the strikers and social revolutionists in the kingdom as their most distinguished friend and sympathizer. He is their "Grand old MANNING"; his name is heard in every Hyde Park mob as one who from his high and holy place blesses the popular movements which we need not describe. Now this, it seems to us, is even more objectionable than the precedence claims of which so much has been heard; and perhaps there is no real intolerance, nothing in the nature of mere Protestantism, in saying so.

#### NEWS OF THE "BAUBLE."

MUCH interest undoubtedly attaches to the "rumour" which, as the SPEAKER told his constituents the other day, is going about to the effect that there is at Kingston, in Jamaica, "a mace which purports to be our 'bauble' itself, or a copy of it." There will be little difficulty in determining, on the latter supposition, whether it is a true copy or not, since the Commonwealth mace is known to have differed pretty conspicuously from its predecessor, and a description of it, which should be sufficient for purposes of identification, has been preserved. It was ornamented "with flowers, instead of the cross and ball, at the top, and "with the arms of England and Ireland, instead of the late King's." The mace in use during the reign of CHARLES I. disappeared, as the SPEAKER says, "when the King met his death on the scaffold, and no one knew what had become of that ancient symbol of authority." It has been conjectured that it was sold in 1649 with the Crown plate; but the fact that its fate has never been positively ascertained does, of course, render the obscurity which surrounds the later history of its successor somewhat less remarkable. Meanwhile, however, there is little reason to doubt that disappearance meant destruction in the former case, for none but a Royalist in those iconoclastic days would have preserved the Royal mace. If any such person had done so, he would proudly have produced it at the Restoration, when for lack of it a new one had to be made; and the presumption in favour of identifying *non apparentia* with *non existentia* is strong, therefore, in the latter case also. If the relic in Jamaica is a "copy," it is hardly likely to possess the value and authority of a contemporary imitation; while its claim to be the genuine article itself is one which, on the very face of the matter, must be regarded with considerable suspicion.

In the first place, the notorious circumstances under which the Commonwealth mace disappeared from public life were much more unfavourable than were those attending the compulsory retirement of its predecessor to the chance of its preservation. When last seen it was in distinctly unfriendly hands. It does not seem to be quite certain who actually removed it from its place on the table. WEST, in his well-known picture, represents HARRISON in the act of doing so; but, according to the account followed by CARLYLE, "My LORD GENERAL, lifting the sacred mace" itself, said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it 'away!' and gave it to a musketeer." If that is really what happened, the "bauble" surely has been long past praying for! The musketeer is not likely to have been a collector, and, unless he was, the mace would as likely as not have been broken up for the value of its materials. By far the most serious difficulty, however, in the whole case is that of supposing that, if the symbol escaped destruction at all, its existence in the possession of the fortunate person in whose hands it ultimately passed, and by whose descendants it would assuredly have been preserved as a most interesting and precious heirloom, should have remained a secret for nearly two centuries and a half. No doubt there are plenty of recorded cases in which objects of great historic or artistic value have undergone temporary loss of their identity, so to speak, and have had, after a more or less considerable lapse of time, to be, as it were, rediscovered. But a mace is assuredly a most unlikely article to experience such a fortune. One can hardly conceive it kicking about for a few generations in a lumber-room, like some neglected picture by a great master, or in a muniment-chest, like some priceless historical manuscript.

Languid, indeed, would be the curiosity which was not aroused by the spectacle of Speaker LENTHALL's "bauble" in such a plight as that, and we are accordingly asked to believe that this relic has remained for considerably over two hundred years in the possession of a series of owners who, or some of whom, could hardly fail to have known what it was, and who yet were sufficiently indifferent to the fact of their ownership of it, to keep its existence concealed from the world. The possessor, therefore, of the article about which Mr. PEEL has been making inquiries through the Colonial Office will be expected to furnish a satisfactory history of it, and in particular to account for the inordinately long eclipse which its identity has undergone before it will be worth the while of the nation to acquire it, or a copy of it, as suggested by the SPEAKER. At present it must be confessed it looks as if the explanation, when it comes, may read a little too much like a missing chapter from the works of that veracious chronicler, ALEXANDRE DUMAS. The four heroes of the immortal romance returned to France before the expulsion of the Rump Parliament, and do not reappear in history until one of them brings about the Restoration. Otherwise, it might well turn out that it was a French, and not an English "musketeer" to whom CROMWELL handed the bauble—no other, in fact, than the Sieur D'ARTAGNAN in disguise.

#### ARMENIA.

IT would seem that certain powers that be, not difficult to identify, have decided that there are disturbances in Armenia, and the order has been given at Tiflis to "make it so." Something may be set down to the dead season; but this is not very comforting, for the very same season has been constantly selected for the same purpose, and often with disastrous consequences. For some days past the rumours of fearful sufferings inflicted on Christians, of the Turkish soldiers sent to repress the Kurds making common cause with them, of outrages and abductions and murders, and what not, have come thick and fast, sometimes from the great lie-forgery in the Georgian capital, where credulous or cheerfully uncritical correspondents are supplied wholesale and retail with punctuality and despatch, sometimes from other places. They are, as usual, impossible to authenticate or disprove at once; and by the time any contradiction reaches the West they have done their duty and fresh ones are ready. Nor is it by any means improbable that there is, as usual in such cases, a certain dose of truth to strengthen the falsehoods. Neither we nor any other reasonable critics of the situation have ever contended that Turkish rule is what it should be; and the riots at Erzeroum, at Constantinople, and elsewhere, seem to show that, either "goaded by oppression," as the atrocity-mongering phrase has it, or "instigated by Russia," as the mere Russophobe would have it, or both, as common sense will, perhaps, prefer to think, the Armenians are less disposed to "take it lying down" than they were. We cannot blame them as far as resistance to the Kurds goes; but for their conduct at Erzeroum there was little justification, for that at Constantinople none at all. It would have been a most unfortunate thing if the SULTAN had, as was for a time reported, pardoned the assailants of Mgr. ASCHIKIAN. As usual, however, Turkish maladroitness has given a handle to the enemy. Months after he ought to have been soundly punished, MOUSSA BEY was banished to Mecca. This is not, as has been pretended, an illusory punishment, for there are few things that an Oriental likes less than such deportation, and the change from the Kurdish highlands to a stifling Arabian town could hardly be agreeable to any one. But, either by connivance or fatuity or sheer easy-going, the authorities omitted to keep any watch on MOUSSA, and he has disappeared. The disappearance is, of course (and small blame to them in this particular instance), used by the enemies of the Porte as an argument to prove the hopelessness of expecting justice from it. Meanwhile it has long been well known that Russia could, if she dared, at any moment invade and occupy the vilayets of Erzeroum and Van, where there is no Turkish force able to oppose the troops which she has ready on the frontier. Russian staff officers, being ingenuously questioned on the subject by atrocity-mongers, reply that Russia would not commit violence for worlds, but that, no doubt, she could, if she would; and that they really cannot see a way out of the difficulty except that the

country should be ceded to her, which, of course, would have all trouble.

It is not so much probable as certain that, twelve years ago, had it not been for the faint-heartedness of some Englishmen, the unpatriotic partisanship of others, and, we fear, the ignorance of nearly all, an English protectorate—real, but designated by what the French call an “*anodyne*” name—might have taken Turkey in hand along the Armenian and Kurdish frontier, with the greatest possible benefit to everybody concerned except Russia. But the favourable opportunity was lost, and will not recur till more stormy times than the present. It is, however, much to be regretted that our Foreign Office does not do what it has an implied, if not an expressed, treaty right to do, and despatch a responsible person to survey the whole disturbed district, and make a thorough report on what is actually going on. It is worth while to remember the curious and very interesting fashion in which Cretan atrocities fell in the political stock market after the report of Consul BILLOTTI. The atrocity-mongers raged and stormed at the Consul, as they would do at any one in such a case. But they knew that the public had for the time ceased to pay any attention to them, and they, in turn, ceased to talk. We have had, no doubt, consular reports from Armenia; but we have not recently had a thorough perambulation of the whole district by a trustworthy person. This once obtained, it ought to be by no means difficult to get matters improved as far as they are really bad. No revelation of actual misrule or connivance could be much more mischievous than the reports which are now being manufactured at Tiflis; while the exposure of some of these reports, which would certainly follow a thorough inquiry, would be invaluable. Lord SALISBURY has done so much good of late in quenching and dispersing embers of quarrel in divers places that he may just as well add this also to his merit.

#### CORONERS AND MYSTERIES.

THE story of the inquest on the body of Mr. HART is admirably adapted to confirm the many persons in whose opinion the Coroner and his jury form between them that institution which, of all others, calls most pressingly for abolition. The belief is common, and that among people who are by no means generally in favour of the abolition of anything which has a history. But the truth is that the history of the Coroner and his jury has for many years past been that of a piece of machinery which has outlived its uses, and has begun to be employed for objects which were never contemplated. It has been made of late, not a merely preliminary court of inquiry, but a species of gratuitous booth for the display of horrors. The most is made of what comes to it legitimately, and when there is a deficiency in the supply there is a distinct tendency to make the want good by industry.

Unless there had been some influence of this kind at work, unconsciously of course, in the mind of Mr. Coroner CARTTAR, it is not at all likely that anything would have been heard of the inquest on Mr. HART, late of 442 New Cross Road, S.E. Mr. HART fell down the area steps of a friend whose house he had just been visiting, and died of the shock. The evidence of his friends, and even of his own family, made it very clear that his habits were of a kind to render him liable to falls and also very ill able to bear them. He had fallen and hurt himself before. Dr. TOWNSEND, the friend whose house Mr. HART had been visiting when he had his fatal accident, had attended him medically, and knew the state of his health. Another doctor was called in, and, when Mr. HART died, was asked to give a certificate of the cause of death. This medical man, Dr. MOORE, seems, we admit, to hold very strong opinions as to the limits of the freedom enjoyed by the faculty in wording certificates of death. He gave, as the cause of Mr. HART's syncope, which is a very wide term; and stated that he did not consider himself bound to notice the fall as the immediate cause of death, since he thought the general state of the man's health explanation enough of his sudden end. If this doctrine were generally acted on by doctors, it might lead to some curious results. It might, for instance, be held to justify a doctor in ignoring the fact that the fatal end of a chronic disease had been hastened by a dose of arsenic. As a matter of fact, what Dr. MOORE doubtless meant was that in so clear a case as this he saw no need to insist on

facts which were necessarily painful and were not essential. Mr. HART's brother—himself a medical man—was certainly satisfied, and there was, in fact, no reason why anything further should have been heard of the matter. Nothing further would have been heard if the district had not enjoyed the possession of a most alert Coroner, and if it had not also lately revelled in a “mystery” which just served to whet its appetite for more. Another mystery was promptly made out of the not at all mysterious death of Mr. HART. Without the justification of a demand from any person authorized to make it, without waiting for an order from the HOME SECRETARY, Mr. CARTTAR caused the body to be exhumed, and proceeded to hold an inquest on it. He summoned Dr. HART to identify the body, and, in fact, did all things with the utmost gravity. When Dr. HART very naturally declined to look at his brother's body, which was unrecognizable, and of which nobody doubted the identity, the Coroner did what he might perfectly well have done from the first—he took the word of the undertaker. Then the entirely superfluous inquiry went on, and came to its unnecessary conclusion. Except on the grounds specified above—namely, the desire of the neighbourhood for another mystery, and the readiness of the Coroner to gratify the wish, it is impossible to see why the inquest was ever held. When complaint was made to Mr. CARTTAR that he had been unnecessarily busy in exhuming the body, he replied that he had a right to do so without waiting for an order from the HOME SECRETARY. The answer was characteristic. Mr. CARTTAR did not say that there was any substantial reason for doing what he did, he only said he had the right. We had imagined that the duty of the Coroner was to act on the request of the peace officer, and on that only, but the point need not be argued. If the Coroner has the power to order the exhumation of a body, he has it in the sense in which the Judges have the power to commit any one who appears before them with his hair parted down the middle, for contempt. They may do it if they are fools enough. The Coroner may take to ordering the exhumation of bodies right and left whenever he thinks that he would like to get up a noisy case, or that the mob would like another mystery. Only, if he acts in this fashion, he will soon convert a large majority to the belief which is already held by a very competent minority—the belief, namely, that the Coroner and his jury, having long been superfluous and at times scandalous, are fast becoming an intolerable, fussy, self-assertive nuisance.

#### NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

MOST of the things which are to be said about the Naval Manœuvres of this year have been said. The moral of the whole of them was given here last week, and the details of Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR's cruise, which have been published since, have nothing in them to modify our judgment. The two squadrons have kept the sea at places remote from one another. Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, with sword drawn, has waited for Sir GEORGE TRYN. Sir GEORGE, longing to be at them, has waited for Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR. The quotation here adapted is not new, but is so particularly apposite that it cannot be resisted. These distinguished officers were, we think, perfectly in the right in sticking to their posts of observation. When Fleet 1 is ordered to catch Fleet 2 but does not know where it has gone, and when Fleet 2 is ordered to avoid Fleet 1 and does not know where it is likely to be found, when they have a goodish cantle of the Atlantic to disport in, and the time fixed for the game is ten days, how should they find one another? How many days did it take NELSON to find VILLENEUVE under not dissimilar conditions, and would he ever have found him if the Frenchman had not been first driven into a port, and then driven out of it by tactics from NAPOLEON? No wonder nothing happened, and that the starved correspondent was driven to write about the desolate headland and the mighty waste of waters. He has tried to make something out of the discovery that on a perfectly fine day it is possible to transfer coal from one ship to another at sea. There has been not a little of the most delightful Mrs. NICKLEBY talk about strategy and such high matters, but, on the whole, the desolate headland and the waste of waters have had the best of it.

The consolation is that our friends, the French, have done no better. They, too, have collected a great fleet for manœuvres, and nothing remarkable has happened. It is a



detail which is worth noting, if only for the fun of blowing a little pepper into the eyes of the croaker, that, although the French collected their whole available Mediterranean and Channel force—the fleets *du Levant et du Ponant*, as they would have once said—they did not amount to so considerable a force as that collected under Admirals TAYOR and CULME-SEYMOUR. In the meantime our Mediterranean Squadron, a stronger one than either Fleet A or Fleet B, was manœuvring by itself undiminished. As for accidents to machinery, the French had as many of them as we had; and one of their cruisers went ashore into the bargain, under not very creditable circumstances. On the whole, then, we would not appear to be so severely outnumbered as the croaker believes, and in the matter of accidents what is sauce for the goose is, as before, sauce for the gander. But we learn further from the criticisms of an anonymous and manifestly exasperated French naval man published in the *Débats* that the manœuvres have been as childish as ours ever were, and much more childish than ours have been this year, when mere “tomfoolery” has been pretty well avoided. The French fleet went to sea in the morning and went back to port at night. The Admiral signalled that the ships might anchor as they pleased, which, as the critic remarks, was a way of manœuvring convenient for the Admiral and the Captain of the Fleet. It was not equally pleasant for the commanders of the ships, particularly the small ones, but Admiral DUPERRÉ was not disturbed by that. Then the different tactical problems were worked out in the most artless fashion. Torpedo-boats were ordered to get under weigh at 7.30 and to make their attack before eleven, so that all the big ships knew just when they were coming. Then it was thought well to work out this problem—a squadron has escaped from the Mediterranean before the declaration of war, it is making for the Channel, how can it be stopped? The working out of the problem was of this kind:—One squadron remained at Cherbourg, while the other went to Douarnenez Bay, near Brest, a favourite anchorage of the English fleets in the blockading times. The fleet at Douarnenez Bay represents the squadron escaped from the Mediterranean. Everybody in the other fleet knows where it has gone and when it is going to start. It does start at the appointed time, and comes round Ushant. The squadron from Cherbourg comes to meet it, and they fall plump on one another, which, as the exasperated naval officer remarks, is a very foolish business. He seems to be a somewhat snappish person, and he quite frankly says he thinks Admiral DU PETIT THOUARS should have been in Admiral DUPERRÉ's place, which diminishes the value of his criticism; still, when all allowances are made, it does not appear that the French were better employed than ourselves.

#### “RECTOR OF THIS PARISH.”

THE controversy—if controversy it can be called where, as we have shown elsewhere, there is really nothing to be said on one side of the case—about Cardinal MANNING's precedence, has branched off into a curious little collateral dispute with reference to the position in the country, not of Roman Catholic prelates, but of the lower Roman Catholic clergy. First an “English ‘Clergyman’” and then another correspondent of the *Times* signing himself “Anglo-Catholicus,” wrote to point out that on the monument recently erected to the memory of the PRINCE IMPERIAL at Chislehurst, the Roman priest in the neighbourhood has been described as the “rector of the parish.” To this “Anglo-Catholicus” most strongly objects. “In this land of freedom,” he says, “a man may call himself what he likes, so long as he is content with the mere assumption of a title. But the rector of a parish is a person well known to the laws of England; he is instituted by a legal process, and is only removable by a legal tribunal; and this is equally true of ‘Diocesan Bishops and of the Suffragans whose title and position are secured to them by legal enactment.’” The “but” with which the second of the above-quoted sentences commences does not very clearly display its adversative force; and, indeed, “Anglo-Catholicus's” reason for objecting to what he objects to in the second sentence is a little difficult to distinguish from his reason for tolerating what he professes himself willing to tolerate. One would think that, as the Roman Catholic so-called “rector” of Chislehurst is not a person well known, or known at all, to the laws of England, and as none of the legal attributes of the rectorial status attach to him, he is a typical instance of a

person who is, and must necessarily be, “content with the mere assumption of a title.”

Our thanks are, however, due to “Anglo-Catholicus” for having elicited two letters in reply, one from Monsignor GODDARD himself, and the other from a correspondent signing himself a “Missionary Priest,” the combined effect of which is to establish “Anglo-Catholicus's” case for him more effectually than he succeeded in performing that feat for himself. “The parish,” says the former of these replicants, “is an ecclesiastical, not a civil delimitation,” which is one of those technically correct statements which the “historical” method has brought into fashion, and which serve so conveniently to darken counsel for a disputant in difficulties. “The State,” he goes on, “has found it convenient to make use of such divisions ‘for civil purposes, but it has no power over the spiritual authority and jurisdiction bestowed on the ‘parochus’ by the Church.’” Further, “when ‘Anglo-Catholicus’ reminds your readers that the Protestant ‘rector’ is instituted to his office by a legal process, and is only removable by a legal process, he is either ‘betraying his pure Erastianism or he is confounding the spiritual and civil authority of a real parish priest.’” In fine, M. GODDARD asserts that these authorities are “totally ‘distinct’”—which, of course, is not the question, but rather to which of the two authorities the name should follow if they are divided—and while making no claim “to any civil position in the parish,” he “claims to the full ‘all the spiritual power and jurisdiction.’” Every one who has ever ventured into it must know what a delightfully limitless sea of controversy we are here invited to plunge into. It is fortunate that we are able to avoid it by the assistance of a “Missionary Priest,” who points out with sadness that M. GODDARD is mistaken, and that if he will look again at the “Official Act” appointing him, he will find that there is no mention of his “parish” at all. He does not want to take the “great tithes” of course, but he does want his parish recognised by name; indeed, its recognition is absolutely necessary to his argument, but there stands the fact, we are told. It has never been recognised by his ecclesiastical superior at all.

#### ALEPPO TO SKANDeroon.

WE are here in the region of Baedeker, and it behoves the travelling Briton to tread warily in the footsteps of his crimson-clad guide, philosopher, and friend, and to have before his eyes the wholesome dread of the omniscient critic with his ready reminder of “guide-book information.” Nevertheless, the fairly intelligent and educated traveller may at least be thankful to the exact and patient industry of his handy cicerone which will spare him the labour of much delving among the buried and forgotten lore of musty tomes in many languages, living or dead. Should some guileless writer cull a few flowers of information from this ready and tempting source to garnish the dish, let not the gentle reader re-echo the unkind sneer to which we have already referred as the dread of the loquacious traveller. For, after all, there is no art in telling a tale which every one may read for himself. The great secret is, not in blurring out with a bold unreserve all the information with which you are crammed, but in the delicate reticence which hints at the secret stores of knowledge you could reveal to your admiring audience if only you would.

So let us see what of interest Aleppo may have for the inquiring mind, which, indeed, is not small, nor quite exhausted in the exhaustive pages of Baedeker, either to him whose eye is not satisfied with seeing (in which category we do not reckon ourselves), nor to him whose inward eye is turned on the changing and varied and abiding impressions which outward scenes of travel leave within his breast—to which select and initiated circle we claim to belong. Three hundred years ago, in the days when travel unclosed the guarded gates of a new world of mystery and unknown perils, an adventurous citizen of London, Master John Newbery, “and six or seven other honest merchants,” set sail for the Levant. Making his way to Aleppo with divers of his partners in the venture, Master Newbery seems to have found that city exactly to his liking, and next to his own country the fittest in the world for an honest English merchant. Writing to Master Leonard Poore, of London, he says:—“If it should be my chance to remain in any place out of England, I would choose this before all others that I know. The place is healthful and pleasant and the gains very good; and no doubt the profit will be hereafter better.” A year later, writing in great tribulation to the same correspondent from Goa, he gives us a hint of the kind of traffic he had found so profitable. Having made his adventurous journey overland by way of Baghdad and Batia to the Persian Gulf, the Portuguese laid hold of him at Ormuz and put him into prison for a heretic and a spy, whence he only emerged greatly despoiled

by the rapacious governor. "At my being in Aleppo," he says, "I bought a fountain of silver gilt, six knives, six spoons, and one fork trimmed with coral, for twenty-five sequins, which the Captain of Ormuz did take (among other things), and paid for the same twenty pardaos," paying about thirty pounds for the "fork," which had cost Master Newbery about seven. But, on the other hand, the Governor had of his prisoner "five emeralds set in gold, and paid for the same a hundred pardaos," getting (at his own valuation, no doubt) the jewelry at about 150*l.*, for which the unlucky merchant had paid something like 1,000*l.*, reckoning the money at its present value. It is sad to think that the adventurous Englishman never returned to his own country. He set out from Lahore to go into Persia, and was apparently never again heard of. One only of his company survived the perils and privations of eight years' wanderings in the unknown East to return to his native land, "where," says Master Ralph Fitch, "by God's assistance, I safely arrived the 29th of April, 1591." He had travelled from the furthest East by way of the Persian Gulf, passing through Basta, Baghdad, Mosul, Mardin, Urfa, Biradjik, Aleppo, and so on to Europe. Following in his footsteps one may well be proud of the dauntless spirit of the "honest English merchant," the worthy pioneer of a race of "adventurers" who, in pursuit of peaceful commerce, made an empire.

Having had this distant glimpse of Aleppo in the pages of Hakluyt, our wandering Englishman will be prepared to look with kindly eyes on a nearer view of the modern Haleb. Indeed, it will be his own fault if he does not carry away as pleasant an impression of its polite and friendly inhabitants and their well-built city of solid stone as Master Newbery himself. "Being in Aleppo, and finding good company," he says, which is, doubtless, his rendering from personal experience of the old Arabic jingle, *Al Halebi Chalabi*—"Your Aleppo man is a gentleman." What pleasant times the members of the old English "factory" must have had all through that seventeenth century which saw them prospering, trafficking, living, eating, or sleeping, and enjoying themselves in the leisurely Oriental fashion, away from the turmoil and stir and stress and struggle of Europe, driving all men, and especially Englishmen, into mad throes of patriotism, of unrest, of hate, of unquenchable craving for perilous adventure! But between England and the further East the ship that ploughs in every sea was destined to oust the ship of the desert. The flag of England now waves officially above the abode of a salaried Consul, but the free merchants of England have long since wound up the affairs of the famous old factory of Aleppo, and departed. A few wealthy German merchants and a host of French priests now represent Europe among the Aleppine "Chalabis." But we go far afield. In the shady courtyard of the native house where dwell an obliging host and gracious hostess, and a dark-eyed Christian maid to fill the soothing narghilah; where the murmuring fountain plays with a drowsy monotony, sweet and low, the contented traveller may dream or dally over hazy and half-reviving memories. The walls of Aleppo surround him; its lofty citadel, its domes and minarets, rise above him; there are the natives of it ready to minister to his comfort. The history of it, its sights, and all its driest details, are they not recorded in the pages of Baedeker, where he who runs not may read? and are there not happier moments for the traveller even than those spent in endless sight-seeing? But let us linger a moment. Here is the Arab poet, the best companion for him who goes forth wherever the Arabic language is spoken. He has a memory and a memento of Aleppo which may be worth recalling. Berea, founded where Aleppo now stands by Seleucus Nicator, some three centuries later, fell into the hands of the Arabs. About the middle of the tenth century Seif-ud-Dowlah Ali Ibn Hamdani al Adawiyyi was the Amir of Haleb. It was in his time that the Emperors Nicephorus Phocas and John Zimisces sacked the town, and found in the Amir's palace without the walls fourteen hundred mules and three hundred bags of silver and gold. When the Greeks had departed with their loot, Seif-ud-Dowlah returned to his capital. It must have been before this reverse that the Arab poet addressed to the Arab chief those famous odes of the grossest flattery so sweet to all his tribe, of which this is a specimen (he fares on a journey with Seif-ud-Dowlah in a pouring rain):—

Each day when I see thee good luck meets mine eyes, new wonders to greet with a glad surprise.  
Flashing lightning a sword with thy sword dost thou bind, this deluge pours on thee to mate with its kind.  
The earth shall be parched when these clouds pass away, its vesture of verdure shall fade and decay:  
But from thee ne'er shall pass thy blessings like dew, nor the showers of thy bounty e'er cease to renew!  
In thy treading the night-clouds and dawn-clouds wait, as when happy lover with lover doth mate.  
Bounty from thee would fain learn her part, but all vainly she strives to gain thy sweet art!

There is a whole series of them, mostly winding up with the kind of delicate hint conveyed in the above specimen, which is the briefest in the collection.

The traveller who has crossed the Mesopotamian deserts will probably be in no hurry to tear himself away from the charms, almost forgotten, of civilization, good-fellowship, and comfort—if he knows how to gain access to such pleasant quarters as those to which we have already referred. If the turmoil and bustle and variegated display of Oriental bazaars have lost their charms for him; if grim streets, mysterious archways, the graceful fantasies of Moorish architecture cannot tempt him forth into the heat and glare and dust and burden of the toilsome day, the

balmy air of evening will probably bring him a soothing solace beneath the shady trees outside the walls, where the chairs of the open-air café are ranged by the still waters of the old canal. It is here that the mercantile community of Aleppo is wont to gather in the evenings and perfume the ambient air with ceaseless clouds from the bubbling tube. But Haleb is only another halting-place, pleasanter than most, and, until the blue waters of the Mediterranean are gained, the journey is yet unaccomplished. The traveller may sell at Aleppo his horses and mules and desert equipment for what they will fetch. It is melancholy to part with the noble Arab mare, your faithful companion through years, it may be, of wanderings on her own native deserts. And the faithful fellows who have followed your footsteps and shared your toils, and lightened for you the burden of travel, may take their reluctant farewell and depart with blessings and bakhshish to their distant homes. A nondescript vehicle may be hired, and the driver undertakes to chariateer you within three days over the pass of the Pylæ Syriæ to Skanderoon.

It is yet early morning, and the minarets and orchards of Aleppo fade in the distance behind. The three hardly little ponies harnessed abreast with ropes and tags of leather get the rickety vehicle over the ground at a rate of about eight miles an hour. Three hours of a good road and the driver ceases to ply his whip, and pulls up at a tent which some enterprising Halebis have pitched on the green sward by way of a temporary café for the refreshment of such travellers as can afford to dispense a few piastres. Then follow three hours more of wide, sweeping valleys rising to easy declivities, broad, waving fields of yellow wheat falling under the sickle. And then comes the usual miserable khan, filthy, swarming with vermin, an eyesore on that lovely landscape by the banks of the river Afrin, the ancient Aracanthus, all aglow with rose-red oleanders. To the left, lower down the river, where it flows towards the Lake of Antioch, is a lofty tel, the site of ancient Gindarus—"fitting haunt of thieves," says Strabo. Next day the road sweeps down the limestone ridge which extends to the distant valley of the Upper Orontes, past the warm sulphur springs of Al Hammam, where a speculative Jew has erected a roadside shanty and *retail* (among other things) bottled beer at half-a-crown a bottle. Who buys it in that drink-forsworn Moslem country? We are soon down in the hollow of the low-lying Plain of Antioch, named by the Arabs Al Amk, or "The Deep." Bounding the plain on the further side rises the rocky chain of Mons Amanus, towards the foot of which we make our way, skirting the marshes on either hand. Artificial mounds rise up here and there out of the monotonous level. Somewhere in this plain the legions of Aurelian overthrew the army of a brave woman, Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, whose Arab general, Zabdas, was no match for the Pannonic soldier. The battlefield of Imma settled the fate of the distant city of the Desert and of its heroic Queen, and linked the names of Rome and Palmyra to this desolate waste of morasses, across which the traveller hastens, only anxious to be at the end of it, more impressed, perhaps, by its solitude and immensity than by the associations which recall a remote past. At the foot of the mountains is the village of Diarbekirli, where a khan offers slightly better accommodation than that of yesterday. The weary traveller will be fortunate if the noisy crowds of native traffickers and caravanners assembling with their beasts do not avail to rob him of his well-earned repose.

At sunrise the much-enduring ponies, with the lash behind them, make their best speed over the stretch of level that yet remains before entering the steep ascent over the pass, beyond which is the fever-stricken coast-plain of Skanderoon. Then up through a narrow gorge, and we gain the cooler air and lovelier scenery of the mountain slopes and upland valleys, thinly clad with the dark verdure of evergreen oaks and Aleppo pines. A driving mist, wet and chilly, is apt to descend upon these hills. What a change, where crag and peak loom obscure and vast through the rolling mountain mist, to the traveller fresh from the burning glow of the desert plains! Two hours from the start the summit of the pass is gained, 1,600 feet above the level of the blue sea beyond. Behind, far away to the left, the Lake of Antioch faintly glitters along the margin of the low-lying plain, named of the Arabs Bahr-ul-Abyadth, or the White Sea. The road to Antioch from Aleppo passes by the further shore on the east, and comes down to the Orontes at the Iron Bridge famous in story. Antioch itself is hidden from view behind the slopes of Amanus, where they descend southwards to the deep valley of the Orontes. Let him who in weariness and painfulness has passed the silent wastes of untrodden desert, marching through toilsome hours of lonely and fearsome night, languishing under the burden of the scorching day, his infrequent snatches of untimely rest rudely broken, his spirit growing to the sickly hue of the unrelieved, unmeasured desolation around him—let such a one not stay to ask why he should turn aside his footsteps hastening to their bourne of secure rest and release from toil, to look upon a deeper desolation than that of the desert, which wanton strife and misrule and the hand of man has brought to the walls of Antioch. Doubtless the memory of Antiochidae and Seleucidae, the more hallowed relics of apostles and champions of the Christian faith, of Paul and Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and the mention of the name that is the glory of Christendom, and the story of Crusader and Saracen, will never cease to make Antioch of much interest to all men, to men of the Christian faith especially. But the wretched town of to-day, standing in

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the midst of its fertile and beautiful plain, will hardly tempt the traveller in sight of his journey's end. The rush of memory and of associations, sacred and profane, will remind him at many a future time that his feet have trodden its boundaries, and that his eyes have looked upon the land; although he passed unregretfully by its dreary heaps of ruins, nor stayed to pry and philosophize upon the grave of its long-buried glory.

So we pass on, and then, at last—Thalassa! Away down beneath our feet the blue Mediterranean rises up to meet the blue sky, and here the Orient ends; for wherever a good ship may ride imperious and imperial West claims the waters as her own. The road makes a rapid descent into the heart of the narrow ravine, where nestles the lovely village of Beytan, its terraced houses clinging to the steep sides of the rock, embowered among vines and fruit-trees. In this rocky gorge, some sixty years ago, Ibrahim Pasha inflicted his last crushing defeat upon the Turk which won Syria for Mohammed Ali. A lovely spot is this old Roman station of Pictanus. Yet how can we linger when the very ship lies down there at our feet, moored against the white wharves of Skanderon, which is to give us rest after weariness, ease after toil? A good road, hewn in the slaty rock, winds steeply downwards between gorge and precipice; and the driver, sure of his team, dashes at headlong speed down the steep. Skanderon, low-lying on the shore at the foot of the encircling slopes of green, is plainly in view. The glorious bay sparkles and ripples with a deeper blue than ever shone in the azure skies. A little distance to the north of the town, where a spur of Amanus descends to the shore, leaving a rocky, narrow passage between mountain and sea, are the famous Gates of Cilicia, and in the widening plain beyond is the battlefield of Issus. Arrian will tell us how Alexander passed the gates which opened to him the conquest of Asia.

It is yet morning when we clatter through the streets of Skanderon. Let us hasten with all speed, in this steaming, fever-haunted sea-board town of the Turks, of no interest and small repute, to get done with the required formalities with vice-consul, and idle, beggarly, grasping Custom-house officials, and get on board the goodly steamer of the *Messageries Maritimes*, already flying her Blue Peter at the topmast head. Soon, steaming merrily across the bay, we may look back (perhaps not without regret) on the mountain path that brought safely to its end (God being good) a journey whose pleasant memories will revive and live when its toils and dangers are forgotten.

#### ULTRA-CREPIDARIUS.

IF the collector of first editions requires an instance from which to justify the faith which is in him against those who cry out that bibliography is naught, Leigh Hunt is a good example to his hand. This active and often admirable writer, during a busy professional life, issued a long series of works in prose and verse which are of every variety of commonness and scarcity, but which have never been, and probably never will be, reprinted as a whole. Yet not to possess the works of Leigh Hunt is to be ill-equipped for the minute study of literary history at the beginning of the century. The original 1816 edition of *Rimini*, for instance, is of a desperate rarity, yet not to be able to refer to it in the grotesqueness of this its earliest form is to miss a most curious proof of the crude taste of the young school out of which Shelley and Keats were to arise. The scarcest of all Leigh Hunt's poetical pamphlets, but by no means the least interesting, is that whose title stands at the head of this article. Of *Ultra-crepidarius*, which was "printed for John Hunt" in 1823, it is believed that not half a dozen copies are in existence, and it has never been reprinted. It is a rarity, then, to which the most austere despoiler of first editions may allow a special interest.

From internal evidence we find that *Ultra-crepidarius*; a *Satire on William Gifford*, was sent to press in the summer of 1823, from Maiano, soon after the break-up of Hunt's household in Genoa, and Byron's departure for Greece. The poem is the "stick" which had been recently mentioned in the third number of the *Liberal*:—

Have I, these five years, spared the dog a stick,  
Cut for his special use, and reasonably thick?

It had been written in 1818, in consequence of the famous review in the *Quarterly* of Keats's *Endymion*, a fact which the biographers of Keats do not seem to have observed. Why did he not immediately print it? Perhaps because to have done so would have been worse than useless in the then condition of public taste and temper. What led Hunt to break through his intention of suppressing the poem it might be difficult to discover. At all events, in the summer of 1823 he suddenly sent it home for publication; whether it was actually published is doubtful, it was probably only circulated in private to a handful of sympathetic Tory-hating friends.

*Ultra-crepidarius* is written in the same anapestic measure as *The Feast of the Poets*, but is somewhat longer. As a satire on William Gifford it possesses the disadvantage of coming too late in the day to be of any service to anybody. At the close of 1823 Gifford, in failing health, was resigning the editorial chair of the *Quarterly*, which he had made so formidable, and was retiring into private life, to die in 1826. It probably explains, however, what has always seemed a little difficult to

comprehend, the extreme personal bitterness with which Gifford, at the close of his career, regarded Hunt, for the slayer of the Della Cruscan was not the man to tolerate being treated as though he were a Della Cruscan himself. However small the circulation of *Ultra-crepidarius* may have been, care was no doubt taken that the editor of the *Quarterly Review* should receive one copy at his private address, and Leigh Hunt returned from Italy in time for that odd incident to take place at the Roxburgh sale, when Barron Field called his attention to the fact that "a little man, with a warped frame, and a countenance between the querulous and the angry, was gazing at me with all his might." Hunt tells this story in the *Autobiography*, from which, however, he omits all allusion to his satire.

The latter opens with the statement that—

'Tis now about fifty or sixty years since  
(The date of a charming old boy of a Prince).

Mercury was in a state of rare fidget from the discovery that he had lost one of his precious winged shoes, and had in consequence dawdled away a whole week in company with Venus, not having dreamed that it was that crafty goddess herself, who, wishing for a pair like them, had sent one of Mercury's shoes down to Ashburton for a pattern. Venus confesses her peccadillo, and offers to descend to the Devonshire borough with her lover, and see what can have become of the ethereal shoe. As they reach the ground, they meet with an ill-favoured boot of leather, which confesses that it has ill-treated the delicate slipper of Mercury. This boot, of course, is Gifford, who had been a shoemaker's apprentice in Ashburton. Mercury curses this unsightly object, and part of his malediction may here be quoted:—

I hear someone say "Murrain take him, the ape!"  
And so Murrain shall, in a bookseller's shape;  
An evil-eyed elf, in a down-looking flurry,  
Who'd fain be a coxcomb, and calls himself Murray.  
Adorn thou his door, like the sign of the Shoe,  
For court-understrappers to congregate to;  
For *Southey* to come, in his dearth of invention,  
And eat his own words for mock-praise and a pension;  
For *Croker* to lurk with his spider-like limb in,  
And stock his lean bag with waylaying the women;  
And Jove only knows for what creature beside  
To shelter their envy and dust-licking pride,  
And feed on corruption, like bats, who at nights,  
In the dark take their shuffles, which they call their flights;  
Be these the court-critics and vamp a Review.

And finally, thou, my old soul of the critical,  
Noting, translating, high slavish, hot critical,  
Quarterly-sentenceon'd, great heir to each dunce,  
Be Tibbald, Cook, Arnall, and Dennis at once.

At the end, Mercury dooms the ugly boot to take the semblance of a man, and the satire closes with its painful metamorphosis into Gifford. The poem is not without cleverness, but it is chiefly remarkable for a savage tone which is not, we think, repeated elsewhere throughout the writings of Hunt. The allusions to Gifford's relations, nearly half a century earlier, to that Earl Grosvenor who first rescued him from poverty, the well-deserved scorn of his intolerable sneers at Perdita Robinson's crutches, the indications of the satirist's acquaintance with the private life of his victim, all these must have stung the editor of the *Quarterly* to the quick, and are very little in Hunt's usual manner, though he had examples for them in Peter Pindar and others. At the close is printed an extremely vigorous onslaught of Hazlitt's upon Gifford, which is better known than the poem which it illustrates. In itself, in its preface, and in its notes alike, this very rare pamphlet presents us with a genuine curiosity of literature.

#### LORD CORNWALLIS AND THE IRISH UNION.

II.

EARLY in 1799 the question of the Union had passed from the Council and the Cabinet to the Irish House of Commons. It is characteristic of Irishmen that the Speaker was regarded as the great champion of the Opposition. It was attempted to be argued in the House of Lords that a Legislative Union was altogether *extra vires*, but this was rejected, and the general sense of their Lordships was favourable to the proposal. In the Lower House there was a violent debate, lasting from 4 P.M. on one day to 1 P.M. the next, on the question whether members ought to surrender "their free, resident, and independent Legislature as established in 1782." On a second division the Ministry had a majority of one vote. More than seventy members, friends of certain peers in opposition, were purposely absent, but the result compelled Cornwallis to inform the Duke of Portland that he saw no chance of carrying this measure in the present Session. More and still more violent and inflammatory debates followed, and in the end a paragraph about the Union was expunged from the Address. Cornwallis reviewed the whole subject in a letter to the Duke of Portland, clear in its facts and thoroughly well reasoned, but too long to quote, except for one pregnant sentence. "The evils proposed to be cured by an Union are religious divisions, the defective nature of the Imperial connexion, and commercial inequalities." A regulation about tithes, and some arrangements in favour of the Catholic and Dissenting clergy, were

also considered in the same letter. It must be admitted that the turn of events was not then favourable to Pitt. In a letter to Ross, Cornwallis says:—"For myself I see no prospect of deliverance, but feel that I am doomed to work the remainder of my life, and to sacrifice the little reputation which the too partial opinion of the world has allowed me in this wretched country, where nothing can prosper." Pitt, however, was not going to yield. He was resolved to have a good debate in the English Parliament. He urged Cornwallis to dismiss from their offices those who had opposed the Bill, including the son of the Speaker. And he thought he could convince "the British Parliament that Ireland was dependent on us for every benefit she now enjoys." Meanwhile, the signs of Irish dissatisfaction were shown in the familiar and usual way. In Connaught cattle and sheep were houghed. In Antrim the houses of Loyalists were entered forcibly and their arms were carried away. Mails were intercepted, travellers were robbed, roads were infested with "banditti." Country squires barricaded their houses and begged for a garrison of English Militia or Scotch Fencibles. A stringent Bill was introduced in the Irish Parliament and passed with some slight opposition. It enabled the Lord-Lieutenant to have prisoners tried by martial-law, whether courts-martial were sitting or not. They might be assembled as the Lord-Lieutenant chose, and no regular court of law could question any of their proceedings. The serious aspect of affairs at this time is relieved by a complaint from Lord Clare, the Chancellor of the University, that his Bill to enable the Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity College to marry, had not been well received by the Duke of Portland, "who could not know anything on the subject." Just at this time, when the Duke was all for strong measures, Cornwallis for a judicious mixture of lenity and force, and Dundas thought that Ireland was a country in which it would be impossible for any civilized being to live, and when, in fact, the political outlook was dark and gloomy, it suddenly began to clear. At the end of March Cornwallis could report that the Irish Session was over; and although the United Irishmen were more organized than ever and more bent on "Separation," the feeling of the Loyalists was changing in favour of the Union. The Lord-Lieutenant had nearly 20,000 troops on whom to rely for resisting French invasion and putting down local discontent. He had also proposed improvements in the whole scheme. He thought of compensating borough proprietors, retaining two seats in the counties, and conciliating some fifty barristers who were members of the Lower House. But all this would, he stated, require an expenditure of 1,500,000*l.*

All through the summer the Lord-Lieutenant was subject to occasional fits of despondency, which he rarely betrayed except to his most intimate correspondents. He told Lord Donoughmore that in his county there was no necessity for martial law, as the magistrates and the gentry were averse to it. He informed Dundas that out of the Militia Regiment of King's County some six hundred men were quite ready to go to the Channel Islands, where they were really wanted. But at the same time he made a requisition for ten thousand stand of arms. He wrote to his own brother, the Bishop of Lichfield, that "this wretched country remained in the same state as regarded disaffection, hatred to England and, with more reason, dislike of landlords." He saw no hopes of obtaining any credit for himself, or rendering any essential service to his country. He sincerely repented that he had not gone back to Bengal, as he might have done. Then there was a renewed scare about a French fleet that was to sail from Brest, and evade the vigilance of Lord Bridport; and a foolish peer who commanded a regiment of Fencible Light Dragoons, caused considerable trouble by an address which he printed and circulated to his men, inciting them to insubordination. He had, of course, to resign his commission at once. These troubles were aggravated by the political jobbery of the country, and by the conduct of the leaders of the Opposition, "who know and eagerly pursue their own little dirty interests, although they are so blind as not to see that they must be overwhelmed in the general wreck, have art enough to instil their own narrow and wicked sentiments into the most thoughtless and selfish members; and, in the hopes of gaining 300*l.* or 400*l.* at a distant period, they will hazard as many thousands which they at present possess." He hated himself for engaging in such dirty work, but was "supported only by the reflection that, without a Union, the British Empire must be dissolved."

By the middle of the summer things improved. The supporters of the Union in the Irish House of Commons had increased from 149 to 165. The mass of the people, Cornwallis wrote to Ross, "do not care one farthing about the Union, and equally hate Government and the Opposition." But there were factious persons in every county who were violent against it. In a happy moment, the Lord-Lieutenant bethought himself of making a tour in the provinces to gauge the feeling of the country. Doubtless his Indian reminiscences and his visit to the province of Benares had taught him the value of a tour of inspection. The summer was wet and cold, but the reception which he experienced "made up for the severity of the elements." The High Sheriff of Tipperary saw his way to a public meeting to consider the Union, and in Kilkenny two addresses were presented expressive of an earnest desire for this measure and approving warmly of the whole Administration. On his return to Dublin in August an awkward incident occurred. The Lord-Lieutenant had dispensed with his aide-de-camp and was returning on foot to the Castle, when he was challenged by the sentry on duty. No

countersign being given, the soldier fired and only just missed his mark. It was strongly suspected that the man, who was a United Irishman, knew perfectly well what he was about. After this the Staff would never allow Cornwallis to go anywhere unattended, lest, it might have been said, he should quench the light of Israel. His opinion of the success of the tour in conciliating opponents and confirming halting friends and supporters is thus stated to General Ross:—"My reception gives the lie completely to the nonsense that has been talked by the foolish absentees about my conduct, and which has been too much attended to by very great personages on your side of the water. Conscious of the policy as well as of the rectitude of my conduct, I can laugh at the accusations and the accusers; but I must look serious when I see this country abandoned to its own weakness in order to make up brigades for the amusement of young princes and of foolish and inexperienced generals." In September, to the same correspondent, he says that the country was getting quieter; but the reduction in the forces and the movements of the combined fleets, French and Spanish, encouraged the disaffected, and kept alive an evil spirit to which the violence of the Loyalists added fuel.

At this time the Duke of Portland made a proposal which must have sounded very odd even in those days, and which to our notions is simply amazing. The army of the Duke of York had been withdrawn from Holland, and it was in contemplation to distribute the returning forces between Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. As, however, there was an intention of providing for the defence of Guernsey and Jersey by Russian troops, Cornwallis was asked whether he would prefer for Ireland 5,000 Cossacks and Muscovites. On this proposal Cornwallis put his foot down at once. He had a natural partiality for his own troops. Russian soldiers would be told that they were occupying a country in a state of rebellion, and their operations would be directed by indiscreet magistrates. A scene of indiscriminate plunder would ensue, and our enemies would clamour "that the Union was to be forced on the kingdom by the terror and bayonets of barbarians." We could scarcely equal this in our day by the bare notion of pacifying Ireland by bringing over a regiment of Sikhs or irregular cavalry composed of Pathans. It is almost superfluous to say that from this date we hear no more about Russian help.

A tour in the Northern counties proved still more auspicious and reassuring than the previous visit to the South. Dundas sent in two encouraging addresses, one of which was presented by a priest and several Roman Catholics. Belfast got up a public dinner and a ball, at which the strongest assurances were given of loyalty and favour to the Union. More addresses poured in from Antrim, Coleraine, Newtown Limavaddy, and other places. At Londonderry there was a grand illumination. Corporations and leading inhabitants expressed the same favourable sentiments in a decided fashion. Even Monaghan, where the opposition was powerful, followed in the same line. And in the Speaker's own town of Drogheda there was a partial leaning to the Union. The Speaker, it has been shown, was the champion of the opposition. Napper Tandy, a well-known rebel, is characterized in this part of the Correspondence, as a "contemptible fellow about whom no person cared the least." The harvest this year was a failure, and with some trouble Cornwallis obtained several thousand sacks of flour from England, forbade the exportation of corn and potatoes from Ireland, and prohibited the making of cakes, rolls, and muffins. But the "violence of our loyal friends," as usual, required a very firm hand, and vile informers were sources of danger and perplexity. Cornwallis urged on the Ministry the propriety of allowing Roman Catholic peers to vote for their own representatives in the Upper House. The number of such peers was small, but the principle was great. His returns to the charge three or four times without entangling the Government in more promises or engagements. By the end of December 1799 Cornwallis could contemplate a renewal of debates with the assurance of 180 supporters in the Lower House. There remained 120, of whom 85 were "decidedly hostile," and 35 doubtful. Some of the latter were friends of two well-known peers, and another peer had assumed "the inconvenient character of a hesitating, doubtful friend." It is satisfactory to find that in the beginning of the year (1800) matters had been "made up" with this gentleman who was worse than an open foe. Castlereagh, on his part, had not been idle. Men of light and leading had been consulted about the Articles of the Union. In January the Irish House met. One member, as might have been anticipated, made a furious speech, recapitulating the injuries sustained by Ireland for 600 years, was all for crushing "the coiled snake before it made its leap," scorned "petty Scotch and English politicians," and represented a "puny miner as blasting the work of giants." Castlereagh replied in a manly speech, and was followed by a discreet, wise, and sensible oration from David Latouche, a descendant of an old French Protestant who had been driven from France by the bad policy of Lewis XIV., and had fought at the Battle of the Boyne. After a debate of eighteen hours an amendment to the Address, for the independence of the Irish Parliament, was defeated by 138 to 96 votes. And the temper of the House, in spite of inflammatory speeches by Grattan and others, had "very much altered for the better," while the conduct of the partisan Speaker was "perfectly correct," and the town was quiet. The sheriffs of Dublin were still in opposition, and they carried up addresses to the Speaker, joining his name with that of



Grattan, on "a green breast-ribbon, as friends of the people." So the difficulties were by no means at an end. Castlereagh talks of a "wicked handbill calling on the Yeomanry to rise in arms and save the country"; "will 6,000 Irishmen, with arms in their hands, tamely stand by and see the Constitution of their country destroyed?" &c. &c. The Chief Secretary also mentions a curious "Consular edict" that had fallen into his hands. It seems to have been approved by 38 county members, and it recommended petitions to Parliament expressive of the real sense of the freeholders of the kingdom. Cornwallis termed it an extraordinary production, and was somewhat harassed by county meetings, fiery barristers, and a general ferment in Dublin. The popular "feeling was further excited by the industrious circulation of reports that, with the abolition of the Irish Parliament," Irish law would be at an end, and all leases would be broken. "The gentlemen were for a Union, because they could relet their estates at advanced rents." In February Lord Downshire, whose influence in the north it was scarcely possible to exaggerate, was removed from his command as colonel of the Down Militia, and struck out of the Privy Council, for circulating to his officers and privates a petition against the Crown. It is characteristic of the country that the soldiers were ignorant of the exact purport of the document, and some thought it a petition in favour of the measure. In the same month, in a very full House of 300 members, on a debate on a message from the Crown, Government obtained a majority of 43. It was less than Castlereagh expected, and he attributed the falling off to intimidation and bribes. Seven members had gone over to the Opposition. The debate in the Upper House was more satisfactory and resulted in a majority of 49. It would have been singular if these speeches, recriminations, right-handed defections, and left-handed fallings off had not produced at least one affair of honour. Corry, the Chancellor, after making a fine speech was challenged by Grattan. The Chancellor was wounded in the arm at the first exchange of shots. The proceedings, just as in some of Lever's novels, were witnessed by an immense mob. Had Grattan fallen, Corry, in all probability, "would not have left the ground alive." Happily, at a second exchange of shots, no further harm was done. The Sheriff was present, but not officially, and no doubt thoroughly enjoyed the fun. We reserve for a final article an account of Cornwallis's ultimate triumph, in spite of proclamations, protests, and pistols.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE Directors of the Bank of England may have information which is not accessible to the rest of the world, fully justifying their action last week in reducing their rate of discount from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent., but to outsiders that action appears of very doubtful expediency. It is true that in five or six weeks they had obtained from abroad and chiefly from New York about three millions sterling in gold. Therefore their stock of gold is larger now than it has been since 1885 at the same time of the year, and so, of course, is their reserve. But the argument, though plausible, does not really count for much. In every year since 1885 experience has proved that the Bank of England had not a sufficient reserve at the close of the summer, that it was endeavouring to maintain its position without the proper means of doing so, and that consequently it threw all business into confusion towards the close of the year. More particularly this was made manifest in the autumn of last year and the year before. It is also said in defence of the action they have taken that the Directors had lost control of the outside market, that in fact, while their rate was nominally 5 per cent., the rate in the outside market was only about 3½ per cent., and that it was useless to continue so anomalous a state of things; but that argument has just as little weight as the former. The outside market is not well supplied with funds. That has been proved abundantly this week by the fact that it has had to borrow once more from the Bank of England. If the Directors, then, thought it desirable to hold control of the market, they could have got it. They need only have borrowed freely in the outside market. They would thereby have reduced the surplus funds, which were pressing down rates, and they would very speedily have been able to make their own rate effective. The real question, then, is whether the Directors acted wisely in allowing the control of the market to slip away from them, and that depends very largely upon whether they have reason to believe that there will not be a large foreign demand for gold by-and-by. In the City it is almost universally believed that the influence of the great financial houses alone prevents the Argentine Government from withdrawing about 1½ millions sterling. As the great houses have succeeded in preventing the withdrawals so far, they may be able to succeed altogether, and the Directors of the Bank of England may be aware of this; but as the public do not know whether the gold will be taken or not, the action of the Directors has made them uneasy rather than reassured them, for it is clear that gold is more likely to go when rates of interest and discount are low than when they are high. Besides, there occur every year numerous withdrawals of a miscellaneous kind for South Africa, Portugal, Egypt, India, and other countries, and no doubt some, or all, of these will have to be met this year, as in past years. Above all, it is to be recollected that trade is just now exceed-

ingly good, and still is improving. Always at the end of the summer and throughout the autumn there is an outflow of coin and notes from London to the provinces, to Ireland and Scotland; and the outflow is likely to be unusually large this year because of the goodness of trade and the high prices and wages. But, if there is a large outflow to the internal circulation, and a considerable drain to foreign countries, the reserve of the Bank of England will soon be reduced so much that the Directors will once more have to put up their rate, and possibly may have to put it up more than once. But it clearly is injurious to business to raise and lower rates frequently, since it renders impossible all calculations respecting the future.

Of course, even if there are large foreign withdrawals, and a considerable outflow to the internal circulation, it may be possible to obtain as much gold as may be required in New York. It cannot be got elsewhere. Certainly it cannot be got either from the Bank of France or from the Imperial Bank of Germany. Only a little can be got from the smaller Continental countries; and, though it is possible that the Imperial Bank of Russia might accommodate some of the great houses, as it did last year and the year before, that is not the kind of resource that ought to be relied on. The real question is, if the Bank of England needs more gold, can it get it in New York? At the present time there is a quite unexpected monetary stringency in New York. One day last week borrowers for the Stock Exchange had to pay at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for loans, and a commission of ½ per cent. per day, coming up very nearly to the rate of 200 per cent. per annum. That was no doubt a very exceptional case; but from 20 to 40 per cent. has been reported again and again, and, therefore, we must not reckon too confidently on obtaining what gold we need in New York. No doubt it is probable that the present stringency is merely temporary. It is due to the fact, firstly, that so much gold has been sent from New York to London; secondly, to the fact that the West and South are drawing upon New York for money to move the crops; and, thirdly, to the fact that the Treasury has accumulated more money than it has paid out since February. The Treasury can put an end to the stringency at any moment by paying enough of money out, and Mr. Windom is evidently willing to do so, for he has announced that he will buy 20 million dollars of Four and a Half Per Cents. at 104½—that is to say, the bonds which are redeemable exactly twelve months hence he is willing to redeem at once at par, prepaying the year's interest that still runs upon them. It seems probable, therefore, that money enough will be paid out of the Treasury to put an end to the stringency, and if so, by-and-by, under the influence of the new Silver Act, rates ought to become easy in New York. It may then be possible to obtain all the gold which is required. But we must not forget that the bankers of New York are entirely opposed to the silver legislation; that they dread very much that its consequence will be the driving of gold out of circulation, and if much more gold is taken it is quite possible that they may become thoroughly alarmed, and that therefore there may be a fresh period of stringency in New York, rendering it impossible to withdraw the gold we may require.

The price of silver, which on Saturday last was 54½d. per ounce, fell on Monday to 54d., and on Tuesday to 53½d. per ounce. The market in London for the time being is entirely controlled by the great speculators in New York, and they find their operations made more difficult no doubt by the monetary stringency that has overtaken them. It is evident that they must have bought immense quantities. In the early part of last year the price of the metal was a fraction under 42d. per ounce, and, as already stated, a week ago it was as high as 54½d. per ounce. There has been a rise, therefore, of nearly 12½d. per ounce, or roughly about 30 per cent., and this rise, it is to be recollected, has been brought about while the American purchases are still small. The new Act came into effect only on the 13th of this month, and up to Monday evening last the purchases amounted to no more than 2,533,000 ounces. It is clear, therefore, that the rise must be the result almost altogether of speculative purchases. No doubt there has been a good deal of speculation in Europe and in India, but the speculation has been led and has been largest in the United States. It is natural that speculators who have to hold large amounts purchased by means of borrowed money should find it necessary to slacken their operations when the rate of interest went up to from 20 to 40 per cent. in New York. Probably, too, the speculators have been somewhat disappointed by the reported decision of the Secretary of the Treasury to buy during August only a proportion of the 4½ millions of ounces which are to be bought every month, and next month begin buying upon the full scale. The Secretary, however, has increased his purchases, and the value of money in New York has fallen, and in consequence there was a recovery in the price of silver on Thursday to 54½d. per ounce. The decline early in the week caused a temporary fall in Rupee-paper, which was, however, quickly followed by a recovery. On Thursday, indeed, the price of the Four and a Half per Cents. went up to 90½. Other silver securities have continued to rise during the week, especially Mexican railway stocks, speculation in which is stimulated, not only by the rise in silver, but also by the conclusion of a contract between the Mexican Government and Messrs. Bleichroder, of Berlin, for bringing out a loan of six millions sterling to redeem the subsidies due to the several Mexican railway Companies. The loan is to be brought out in Berlin, Amsterdam, and London—in the latter by Messrs. Antony Gibbs & Sons. It is to bear 6 per

cent. interest. The issue price is expected to be 94 or 95, and the loan is secured on 12 per cent. of the Customs revenues.

The reduction in the Bank-rate has not led to as much increase in speculation upon the Stock Exchange as might have been expected. Indeed, operators appear to have been more discouraged than encouraged by the change. At all events, the stock markets were more active for two or three days before it was made than they have been since. Perhaps this is partly due to the Fortnightly Settlement, which began on Tuesday. Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain all the money they wanted at 4 per cent., and in some cases loans were made as low as 3½ per cent. Within the Stock Exchange, too, carrying-over rates were lower, from which it follows that, in spite of the increased activity of the last fortnight, there has not been a very great increase in the accounts open for the rise. There has, however, been an increase, and in some cases a considerable one. The most active speculation for some time past has been in silver securities, such as Rupee-paper, South Austrian railway securities, and the stocks, bonds, and shares of Mexican railway Companies. In some home railway stocks, too, there has been a considerable advance, chiefly in the Deferred Stocks of the Brighton, South-Eastern, Sheffield, and North British Companies, and in Caledonian. The buying of these has, of course, been speculative. But all home railway stocks are in fairly good demand. The reduction of the rate allowed upon deposits makes many investors desirous of obtaining more for their money than they can get by leaving it with their bankers. Besides, trade is so exceedingly prosperous that observers are beginning to hope that, though the working expenses are increasing, yet the Companies may be able to pay better dividends than at the end of last year. There is no doubt that trade is wonderfully good. Even shipbuilding is more active than it was, and new orders are being placed in spite of the complaints of the lowness of freights. If, then, the value of money does not rise soon, and if nothing untoward happens in the River Plate countries, it is probable that there will be before long a further rise in home railway stocks. The American department has been depressed by the unexpected and severe stringency in the New York money market and by the labour disputes which are very general, and at one time threatened to involve most of the Companies. There was a recovery on Tuesday when representatives of the employés decided not to order a general strike. But on Wednesday there was another decline on less favourable news. On Thursday, again, there was some recovery. In International Securities there has been little movement, but South African gold and land shares have fallen back into the old stagnation. Nobody doubts that the goldfields are rich, but everyone now recognizes that they cannot be worked profitably until the cost of transport is greatly reduced. In the meantime the management of the Companies is being improved, and measures are being taken to prepare the way for a recovery by-and-by. The news from the Argentine Republic and Uruguay continues far from reassuring, but yet it has not been this week of a nature to cause serious alarm. Some of the new Argentine Ministers have resigned, but for what cause is not accurately known, and a movement is on foot in Buenos Ayres to compel the resignation of the Minister of War and the Minister of the Interior. There are also rumours that the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres will be unable to pay the interest upon the Cédulas issued by it exceeding in amount 300 millions of dollars. Yet it is proposed to authorize it to issue another series of Cédulas amounting to 10 millions of dollars. Of course the mortgagors are not in a position to pay the interest and sinking fund they have stipulated to pay, and if not the bank has no means out of which to pay them. Default would affect large numbers of European investors, and apprehension on the point would naturally tend to restrict business in all departments.

#### A GERMAN PRODIGAL SON.

**HERR HEINRICH GEEHL**, who has been describing the slavish condition of "Free England" in a letter to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, seems to be a German who left his fatherland partly for his country's good and partly for his own. He represents himself as the victim of the German Press-laws. For "a small literary indiscretion" he was condemned to pay a fine. Whether he paid it or left it unpaid does not appear. The infliction of such a stigma upon a man of letters moved him to flee to the country in which, as he says, "my great prophet had wandered, the prince of poets, to the freest land of Europe." He sighed after the land of Shakespeare and the paradise of journalists. "The English journalists are not only allowed to think freely, as we are, but they are allowed also to write freely. This freedom of the Press had long inspired me with a powerful reverence for free England." So Herr Geehl shook the German dust from his feet, and paying, or leaving unpaid, the fine imposed upon him by the Bismarckian Pressgesetz, he became one of those prodigal adventurers of whom Bismarck once said, "Der Deutsche in der Fremde hat keine Interesse mehr für mich."

Poor Herr Geehl, like the prodigal in Holy Writ, found in the far-off country husks and bondage instead of the freedom which he had promised himself. At the present, to judge from the date of his letter, he is in London. But his first experiences of English slavery seem to have been learned in Wales. Perhaps it was his reverence for his "prophet, the prince of poets," which moved him to go straight from Dover to the country of Fluellen;

or perhaps it was a feeling that the Welsh, "die celtischen Ureinwohner Britanniens," were less Teutonic, and so less akin to Bismarck than the English. The Welsh names of places troubled him. "The name of one little railway station in the island of Anglesey is so long," says he, "that the train is again in motion before the guard has finished calling out the name." This Teutonic Mark-Twainism may incline Berlin readers who are familiar with the comic American tourist to doubt the veracity of the social descriptions in Herr Geehl's "Im freien England." Welsh villages may have long names, and England may nevertheless be as free as the prodigal child of the German pictured her. But all disillusion as to English liberty was scattered from the very moment that he first beheld in Wales an English lord.

"I saw him first," says Herr Geehl, "in a little town famous for its cathedral." The expatriated newspaper-man had been studying the history of the cathedral in the "Kirchenbuch." We wish that he had given more detail about this "Church-book." Is it in print or manuscript? It contains an odd legend about a dean who was deeply in debt at the "Wirthshaus," and whose prodigious account for wine and beer, "chalked" up by the landlord, was presented to "the bishop of the little diocese." It was the habit of the dean to pay his drinking debts with the property of the cathedral and the benefactions left for the poor. This "dean" must have been one of the Commissioners appointed by the Rump Parliament, under its "Act for the better Propagation of the Gospel in Wales." As Herr Geehl "came out of the cathedral, and walked along the steep High Street, with its horrible corn-tormenting pavement," says he, "I saw a negligently-elegantly dressed gentleman coming towards me. He kept in the middle of the road: a huge dog followed him. All the people stood stock still; the men lifted their hats, and bowed reverently; the women courtseyed. They seemed as if they could not make sufficient signs of their respect. When the lord had passed by, the people thronged behind him, and some of them humbly lifted the tails of his coat and pressed them with their lips. I could scarcely trust my own eyes," says the Correspondent of the Berlin daily newspaper. "Was I really in free England? Or had I wandered again into Poland, where I had too often seen similar manifestations of hound-like submissiveness?"

The lord took all this servility as a matter of course, merely acknowledging it at intervals by a curt, patronizing nod of the head. At last, probably for the first time in his life, the lord came into close contact with a German free man. "When he came up to me, and saw that I did not lift my hat to him, he fixed on me a stare of wonder. He was plainly astounded that anybody in that district could dare to let him pass by without a reverent greeting." But Herr Geehl had not done with the lord. As he stood in the street, and watched the figure of the retreating aristocrat, he suddenly felt a touch upon his shoulder. He turned, and saw a policeman. Herr Geehl, as a victim of the press-laws of a freer country than England, had doubtless some acquaintance with the police. But the German police are not "police of manners" in the same sense as the English police of Wales. "Do you not know Mylord?" said the policeman. "What Mylord?" asked Herr Geehl. "That gentleman," answered the policeman, "who has just passed by. You have not saluted him." The free spirit of the expatriated German was aroused. "Are you a police officer?" I sharply demanded of him, "and is it your business to see that everybody salutes Mylord? Go to Mylord, and ask him why he did not salute me; then go and mind your own business." The "verblüffte" Welsh-English policeman, who for the first time in his life had been confronted by a free German man, was too confounded to arrest Herr Geehl. The victim of the German Press-laws imagines that if he had possessed less presence of mind and power of statoratory he would have been lodged in a Welsh gaol, and the Berliner would have lost his precious information about the slavery of "free England."

After Herr Geehl had thus confounded the aristocracy and the police of England in a Welsh street, he was inspired by the magnificent thought of bearding the lordly lion in his own den. "A short walk," he writes, "brought me to the gate of the park." There he learned that nobody was allowed to enter the park unless he had provided himself with a ticket of admission, and that such a ticket could only be obtained at the "herrschaftliche Rentei in B." He "had no mind to go all the way back to the town." So he began to "parlamentiren" with the keeper of the gate. The man spoke of "the rigorous proscriptions of Mylord," of his "own expulsion from office," of "impossibilities," and much more. But all his opposition vanished "when I showed him my card and pressed half-a-crown into his hand." "I hope," said the keeper, "Mylord will not meet you. And remember," he added, "that you must not attempt to go into the castle." Herr Geehl proudly observes, "Nevertheless, Mylord did meet me, and I did get into his castle." Mylord had already arrived at the park, not on foot, but driving a four-horse carriage. As soon as he spied the free German intruder, he stopped his "vierspännige," and demanded in a loud voice, "Have you procured a ticket of admission?" "No." "How did you manage to get in without a ticket?" "The gate-keeper admitted me upon showing my visiting card, and declaring to him that I, as a foreigner, was not acquainted with the regulations."

There must have been a power in the tone with which this speech was uttered which it is not easy to detect in the speech itself. The fierce English Mylord became in a moment as gentle as



a lamb. It was perhaps the first time in his life, outside his own lordly circle, that he had been boldly addressed as an equal. "May I beg the favour of your card?" said he to the daring Geehl. "I gave Mylord my visiting card. He bowed himself politely, and asked me if I would make the circuit of the park in his company." The bold Geehl accepted the personal conductorship of Mylord. "And thus I saw," says he, "not only the park, but also the mansion and the small but valuable picture-gallery of old and new masters. So extremely friendly was Mylord that he accompanied me as far as his park gates."

As Mylord and Herr Geehl were walking toward the gates they were met by a park-keeper, who held by the collar a poor wretch in ragged clothes and worn-out boots. "Whom have we here?" asked Mylord. "I found this man," replied the servant, "sleeping under a tree near the little gate." "In the park?" "Yes, Mylord." "Put him for three days in the hole" ("ins Loch") said Mylord in a nonchalant tone; then, turning to me, he took leave of me in the most courteous manner.

Herr Geehl suspects that the readers of the Berlin newspaper will doubt the possibility of such a summary administration of justice or injustice in modern free England. But it is easily explained. Herr Geehl has studied English law as well as the "Church-book" of a Welsh cathedral. "Mylord was a justice of the peace, a judge in his own cause." The two things are one and the same. "The rogue had been sleeping in his park; hence he had the right to send him for three days," and here Herr Geehl uses English instead of German, for the sake of greater exactness, "in the hole!" What a scandal such an autocratic administration of justice would have made, exclaims the German newspaper-man, "if it had happened in Russia! But here, and to a citizen of free England!"

Herr Geehl walked back to his inn, he tells us, in a meditative mood. Like the other prodigal, he began to think in the far country of the liberty and delights of the fatherland which he had forsaken on account of its mild press-laws:—"I thanked Heaven," says he, "that I was not born a free Englishman, and that I could enter my inn with a whole coat on my back. I also had been in Mylord's park without his leave, like that poor wretch. If I had been a free Englishman, Mylord would have stuck me also in the hole, and not a cock in England would have dared to crow over it!"

This was not the only experience of English slavery which Herr Geehl was to make in Wales during that day. It was about ten o'clock at night when he returned to his inn. He sat down, and ordered a bottle of "würzige Basschen Ale." He had just filled a glass, and raised it to his lips, when the loud cry resounded throughout the entire building, "Time, gentlemen, time!" What did it mean? He looked up, and saw the "Hausknecht" standing in the doorway. Behind Boots, a few paces distant, stood a policeman. The police "Sperrstunde," or closing hour of free England, had struck. "All the guests immediately hurried the contents of their glasses down their throats. The Boots again shouted, 'Time, gentlemen, time!' The landlord extinguished all the lamps." Herr Geehl drank the one glassful of ale which he had poured out; but, as he was in free England, and it was past ten o'clock at night, he had not liberty to empty his bottle. The last sound which he heard before falling to sleep was the chorus of the English national song. The guests who had been thrust out of the inn were wandering slowly along the seashore, and as they wandered they sang, "Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves! Britons never, never, never will be slaves!" The German prodigal son knew not whether to laugh or weep at the irony of the situation. All the night long his dreams were haunted by two exclamations, that of the English Mylord and the English Boots at the inn, "Put him in the hole!" "Time, gentlemen, time!" He was still in London at the date of his letter. But we cannot hope to keep this precious man of letters long among us. "In spite of the sea-air," says he, "somehow or other I find that I cannot breathe freely in free England."

#### RACING.

IF one thing had been wanting to increase the interest in the St. Leger, it was a "coming outsider." At Redcar and Stockton an outsider "came" in Mr. E. Lascelles's Queen's Birthday, who won his third and fourth successive victories at those meetings, and advanced from 66 to 1 to 20 to 1 in the betting. On the other hand, on the last day of the Stockton meeting, Memoir, at that time the first favourite, met with a mishap at exercise. The Lichfield meeting was chiefly remarkable for the unpleasant circumstance of some rascal tampering with the scales, a piece of lead having been fastened to the bottom of the weight-holder, evidently with the object of disqualifying the winner for one of the races. Another disagreeable matter has been a rumour of the existence of a "Ring" among a certain clique of jockeys. It is to be hoped that the report may be totally devoid of foundation; but, true or untrue, it has had the effect of putting the authorities on the alert.

At York, it was a question whether Mr. Lowther's Cleator would win the Prince of Wales's Stakes, after his moderate display at Stockton, where he ran the best horse, at the weights, for the Wynyard Plate, but only third, with odds laid on him. It was all that he could now do to beat Avignon by a neck; yet, considering the weight he was carrying and the heavy state of

the ground, he ran well, although some pounds below first-class form.

The Ebor Handicap showed how undervalued Tyrant had been early in the season; for in the handicap for the Chester Cup, Houndsditch was made to give him 20 lbs., whereas Tyrant was now handicapped to give Houndsditch 15 lbs. Long before this, however, an even greater change had had to be made in Tyrant's relative weights with Theosophist, who was handicapped on no less than 37 lbs. better terms with him in the end of June than in the beginning of May. The heavily-weighted horses were all beaten for the Ebor Handicap by Mr. J. Charlton's Silver Spur, a pretty little bay filly by Chippendale out of a Fripponier mare, grandam by Marsyas out of Seclusion. She was receiving 34 lbs. from both Tyrant and Philomel. What is called in France "l'outsider" for the St. Leger—that is to say, Queen's Birthday—continued his victorious career by winning the Great Yorkshire Stakes on Thursday, beating the ugly-locked Ornatus and the handsome Ponza.

#### NOTES FROM THE ZOO—CHAMELEONS.

THE chameleon is one of nature's strangest productions; it belongs to the great order of lizards, an order which is divided into a large number of families, and comprises many hundreds of species, which exhibit a great variety of form and structure, none of them, however, showing such a degree of specialization as the chameleon. Its curious uncanny appearance, to say nothing of its power of changing colour—which, be it observed, is not, as is generally supposed, peculiar to itself, but is possessed, though not in so marked a degree, by other species of lizards—have made it an object of interest and wonder to mankind from the earliest times, and all sorts of fabulous stories have been told of it, some of them having a foundation in fact, but the majority, as is usual in such cases, being nothing but the purest invention. The chameleons have by no means a large range, the greater number of species being natives of Africa and Madagascar—the latter country alone possessing more than twenty species—though one or two are found in Asia Minor, India, and Ceylon.

Among the many amusing and interesting accounts of these animals which are to be found scattered up and down the literature of natural history, certainly neither the least amusing nor interesting is "The Anatomical Description of a Camelion," to be found in certain *Memoirs for a Natural History of Animals*, containing the anatomical description of several creatures dissected by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, done into English by a Fellow of the R.S., and published by order of the Council of the Royal Society in 1701. A work which, though probably little known, appears to have held its own for many years as the great authority on the subject with which it treats, as we find Dr. Brookes in 1763 boldly plagiarizing it. The writer had evidently carefully observed a chameleon, which he tells us was an "Egyptian one, which is the greatest of all," both in life and by dissection after death, the result of his observations being that he wrote an extremely interesting treatise containing much excellent matter. Many of his remarks and deductions, however, are very quaint, and of these alone, rather than of his facts, we propose to treat. As a preface, he says that "there is scarce any Animal more Famous than the Camelion, its admirable Properties have ever been the subject as well of Natural as Moral Philosophy. The changing of its Colour, and the particular manner of feeding which is attributed to it, have in all Ages given great Admiration and Exercise to those that do apply themselves to the Knowledge of Nature. And those Wonders which Naturalists have related of this inconsiderable Animal have made it to be the most Famous Symbole used in Rhetorick and Ethicks, to represent the base compliance of Courtiers and Flatterers, and the Vanity wherewith simple and light Minds do feed themselves. Its very name in Tertullian is the subject of a Serious Meditation upon False-glory, and he proposes it as the Example of the Impudence of Cheats and Boasters." After this diatribe our author proceeds to deal with the animal's name in the following quaint manner:—"It is not known truly why the Greeks have bestowed so fine a Name upon so vile and ugly a Beast by calling it the Little-Lyon, or Dwarf-Lyon according to Isidore's Etymology. Gesner says that it somewhat resembles the Lyon, without mentioning wherein. Panarolus would have it the Tail, which is crooked at the end, as he says, like the Lyons: But the Truth is, that neither the Camelion nor the Lyon have a crooked Tail. . . . Licetus thinks that this name was given it, because as the Lyon Hunts and devours other Animals, so the Camelion catches Flies; by the same reason that a little Worm which hunts and takes Ants, as Albertus has described, is called Formicaleon." The following is his amusing account of the animal and its habits:—"The Camelion is of the kinde of four-footed Beasts, which do lay eggs, as the Crocodile and Lizard, which it sufficiently resembles, save that its Head and Back is not flat, like the Lizard's, who has likewise much shorter leggs, with which it crawls very fast along the ground; whereas the Camelion has longer leggs, and goes easily only upon Trees, where it delights it self much more than on the ground; because, that as it is said it fears the serpents, from which it cannot secure it selfe by flight, and that from thence it spies them, watching the opportunity when they do pass, or sleep under him, to kill them with his Foam which he lets fall upon them." Its "foam," however, does not appear as its only weapon against "serpents"; for our author, after

correctly describing the animal's teeth, which he says "to us appeared not at all serviceable to it in eating; because that it swallowed the Flies and other insects which it caught, without chewing them," adds, "Ælian says that it defends itself against the Serpent, by the help of a great Stick which it takes in its Mouth; and its probable that its Teeth may serve to hold it fast; but it is to be understood that it holds it cross-wise, to hinder the Serpent from swallowing him up, as it usually do's Frogs and Lizards whole: For there is no possibility of explaining this place of Ælian as Gesner and Aldrovandus do, who think that the Camelion makes use of this Stick as of a Buckler or Sword, wherewith it defends itself against the Serpent, as a Fencer would do; for it is not nimble enough for that." Of its method of progression we are told—"Its pace was slower than that of a Tortoise, and seemed very Ridiculous, in that its Leggs being not short, and incumbered like those of the Tortoise, but very loos and free, it carried them with a kind of gravity which seemed affected, because needless. Wherefore Tertullian saith that one would think that the Camelion rather made as if it would walk than that it really did. Some do think that this Gate is a Mark of the Timorousness, which is said to be very extream in this Animal. But because it is certain that Fear, when it is not great enough wholly to take away Motion, adds great Strength to that of the Leggs; into which it is believed that it makes all the Heat and Vigour, which has left the Heart to descend. It is much more probable that this slowness is the effect of a great Precaution, which makes it to Act circumspectly." Of the ultimate fate of the chameleon in question we are told nothing directly; but no doubt it fell a victim to science, as we know that "after it was dead" it was most carefully dissected, and drawings of its skeleton and viscera have been handed down to us. That no part of it was wasted we gather from the concluding sentences of the treatise, which are as follows:—"As for the Knowledge of the incredible Virtues which the Superstition of the ancients hath attributed to the Camelion and of which Pliny saith that Democritus hath writt a whole Book, they are so Extravagant in the Judgment even of Pliny that we refer our selves to his opinion thereof. And without trying whether we could raise Tempests with its Head, or gain Law-suits with its Tongue, or stop Rivers with its Tail, and do the other Miracles which it is said Democritus hath left in Writing: we were contented to make those experiments which seemed to have some probability, being founded on Sympathie and Antipathy, such as is that which Solinus Reports to be so great between the Crow and the Camelion, that it dyes immediately after having Eaten of its Flesh. The truth is that a Crow peckt several times with its Bill on our Camelion, when it was set to it Dead; and we gave it several Parts of it to eat, and even the Heart it self, which it swallowed without any harm."

Chameleons of one species or another can generally be seen in the Reptile-house at the Zoo, it being a rare event for the Society to be without one—at the present time they have no less than eight. But they attract but little attention from visitors, and indeed are not very interesting looking animals, as they sit stolidly on the plants provided for them in their cages, generally without moving. They cannot be kept constantly supplied with insects for food, and, speaking from a somewhat intimate knowledge of the habits of these animals in confinement, there is nothing in the world will induce a chameleon to take even the slightest apparent interest in its surroundings unless it be the sight of what it considers a toothsome insect. Nevertheless, they are by no means uninteresting animals, and when allowed to wander at large and forage for themselves in a greenhouse they are a constant source of amusement. The chameleon's method of taking its prey is very curious, being effected by shooting out an enormously long wormlike tongue, the end of which is clubbed, and covered with a viscid secretion, to which the insects stick, and are thus drawn into its mouth. The actual projection of the tongue is made with marvellous rapidity, but, before striking, the animal very slowly opens its mouth, with all the appearance of taking a most deliberate aim. Its eyes are most noticeable; they are very large, but with the exception of an extremely small opening in the centre are covered with skin; they are also entirely independent of one another, with the result that occasionally the creature is looking forward over its nose with one eye, while with the other it is intently watching something directly behind it. And, finally, its far-famed power of changing colour—which, as we have said, is also enjoyed by other lizards—is perhaps the most noticeable of the creature's many peculiarities. It is "partly dependent on the degree in which the lungs are filled with air and different layers of chromatophores (cells in the skin in which the colouring pigment is deposited) are pressed towards the outer surface of the skin." It appears to be produced partly at the will of the animal and partly by an "involuntary habit which enables its tints to correspond with the natural substances on which it is placed."

Chameleons can generally be obtained in London during the summer months; but the trade appears to be a very fluctuating one, as sometimes they are scarce, and therefore expensive, while at others they may be bought in many of the "bird-shops," their price at such time being about 2s. 6d. a-piece. They are by no means difficult to keep while the weather remains warm; but we imagine that few of them survive a winter in this country.

## A NIGHT WI' BURNS.

'ERE! 'i! Mr. Burns, 'arf a minit! we want cher! 'ere, 'guv'nor, I say!  
'Old 'ard! we got summatt to arst yer: yer broom ain't a waitin' to-day,  
Like it used ter be, this time larst cheer, when us chaps wouldn't 'low yer to walk,  
So p'raps yer'll make shift fur to spare us the time fur a bit of a talk.

Well, yer see, Mr. Burns, it's like this, it's alonger this pal o' mine 'ere,  
'Im as tried to get work at the docks when we struck for the tanner larst cheer,  
Which he got himself pretty nigh bashed—Wot? "A blackleg?"  
Well, yuss, if yer like;  
Though, as 'e ses, it seemed jolly 'ard fur to down on him, just as the strike  
Come and giv' him the chanst of a job, as fur months 'e'd bin 'untin' in vain,  
And to put the pore bloke and his missus and kids on the parish again.

'Ows'ever, that's over, and Bill—well, 'e didn't know wot to be at; 'E was sick o' be'n guyed for a blackleg, and chivied and 'ooted, and that,  
So 'e come to me Toosday and ses, ses he, "Joey, old son, it's like this,

You're a jinin' the Union, I've 'eerd: so, as you ain't done nothin' amiss,  
And as they wouldn't look at old Bill, I expecs, you might take me in tow  
And arst 'em to cross out the chalks up agin me a twel'm'mth ago.

Pitch it strong to 'em 'ow I begs parding and never won't do it no more,  
And p'raps I may find myself then, 'long o' you, the right side of the door."

Well, I promised pore Bill as I'd try; and we went to the horfice right hoff,  
Where a cove with a pen in 'is 'and—not a docker, a reggy larst toff—

Sat a cyph'rin' at figgers alone by 'isself, and when me and my mate

Was shown in, "Very sorry," ses he, "very sorry, my man, you're too late.

You 'ad ought to have jined us," he ses, "when the Union fust was posed,

But you've come" (quite stand-offish and 'igh) "when the books 'as been finery closed."

Well o' course I don't take it from 'im, so I've come to you straight, for to find

Whether thisher is *your* little game, and all as ain't prev'ously jined

Is to kick their 'eels out in the cold by *your* horders, or whether in spite

Of that there Jack-in-horifice—wot's that? Ho! indeed, sir, "The Seckytry's right?

"The docks 'as too long bin the refuge of criminals, loafers, and tramps,

Who 'ave dragged down the docker —." Ho, yuss! Ho, of course! we are 'orrible scamps,

So we wos when we turned out on strike without ever a bit or a sup,

That was all of it draggin' down dockers and none of it draggin' 'em up;

But I done some trampin' for you, Mr. Burns, wot you seems to forget—

Some trampin' you found jolly 'andy just then—through the cold and the wet.

Ar! and more of the sort, too, was done by a many pore tramps as I know,

With a good 'eavy flag over'ead, and a nice hempty belly below. Wot's that? "If there ain't enough work for as many as stands at the gates,

Let the dockers as can't get a job take their 'ook and then dror on the rates?"

'Ear! 'Ear! Mr. Burns—that's the talk! to be sure, it's a little bit noo,

But I'm bothered if N-rw-d hisself could have pitched it much better nor you,

On'y, see'n that afore I went out, I 'a'd allers the chice of the "Ouse,"

To turn a bloke over to that arter all seems a bit of a chouse, And if that's 'ow you "orgynize" labour, and this is the way as it works,

That the orgynized gits the kick-out, and the orgynist collars the perks,

Well—you *may* be the skilled engineer, Mr. Burns, as y're stated to be,

But be 'anged if I arst yer to do any more engineerin' fur me!



## REVIEWS.

## CRIMINAL LITERATURE.\*

AMONG the more recent growths which have been fostered by the modern notion that there must be a science of everything, and that nothing that cannot present itself as a science can claim a hearing at all, what is variously called criminology or criminal anthropology is not the least interesting, though we do not know that our interest in it is exactly that of its professors. It is very new; and, though it has had ardent disciples already, it is in its quiddity very much a sprout of the brain of one man—Professor Lombroso, of Turin. Mr. Havelock Ellis, who published not long ago a very amusing book on *The New Spirit*, ingeniously states that he wrote, or rather compiled (for he is quite modest and frank about the matter), this book because he found that nobody else in England knew or cared anything about the subject. And it is certainly to the credit of such remains of national sanity as we may possess that it is so. Criminal anthropology may, like many of the new sciences, be divided into two parts—one which is sensible, which is not particularly scientific, and which is as old as the hills; one which is brand-new, which is scientific *quand même*, and which is chiefly nonsense. That the criminal, and especially the habitual criminal, very often, if not always, exhibits certain types, not merely of general character, but of physical conformation, and especially of physiognomy, has certainly been noticed ever since men noticed anything. The old theory of the "temperaments," the proverbs and jokes about different "complexions," even such universal phrases as "a villainous countenance," all show this. Further, it is equally unnecessary to insist that certain classes of crime have a direct and immediate connexion with physical peculiarities. All this is certain enough, harmless enough, and, except as a theme for the indulgence of not altogether healthy curiosity, useless enough. For the human intelligence—which in the race is not inconsiderable if very frequently indiscernible in individuals—found itself early confronted with this little difficulty. You often, though not always, find the criminal to be possessed of certain physical characteristics. But the provoking possessor of the certain physical characteristics by no means always or often turns out a criminal. Only if he would be good enough to do so, could criminal anthropology be of any practical use; and even if the law were different, the turning of it to any practical purpose would still be nearly impossible. Are you to lay by the heels as a matter of precaution everybody who has the physical conformation as an enemy of society *in potentia*? Are you to get at this physical conformation as early as possible, and chuck the unlucky infants who exhibit it into some kind of *barathrum*? Or are you merely to use it as an extenuating circumstance in the application of your other blessed word and science "Penology"?

Modern science blinks the earlier and greater of these difficulties; but for the most part accepts the last, and says boldly that you are. Indeed, such interest as has been excited in criminology is very mainly connected with that perverse sympathy for crime which accompanies and distinguishes the *New Spirit*. Mr. Havelock Ellis's book, especially supplemented by the little pamphlet which we have classed with it, will be found a very fairly executed and decidedly interesting summary both of the statistics which have been accumulated on the subject, and of the theories which have been based on them. The chief fault to be found with it is an occasional divergence into that "tumtudy," which seems to be inseparable from a certain class of scientific investigation, and which for our part, notwithstanding or because of the airs of wisdom and virtue which it gives itself, is considerably more offensive than tumtudy pure and simple. It is, for instance, absolutely impossible to believe that any scientific value can attach to examination of the devices with which criminals tattoo themselves, or of the elegant *graffiti* with which they adorn walls and books. But, as may readily be believed, both subjects present plenty of attraction to certain tastes, and, after all, the results of the study probably have as much scientific value as the rest of it.

For convenience of examination we may divide the subject into three parts—the data, the method of ascertaining them, and the deductions from them, as to the best way of dealing with criminals. For the statistics, which are rapidly becoming an end-in-themselves, so that the modern scientific man can well understand the state of mind of his older literary brother, who was independent of revolutions, because he had got so many score of irregular verbs fully conjugated in his trunk, we cannot do better than give, with an omission or two which can be very readily filled in, a scheme printed by Dr. MacDonald. It is the work of the great Lombroso himself, as noted by Signori Benelli and "Tom Rabin, his brother":—

Generalities: Name, age, country, profession, civil state.

1. *Anthropometrical examination*: Development of skeleton, stature, development of muscular system, weight. Color: of skin, hair, iris, uniformly colored, double coloration, peripheral and central, non-uniformly colored, color predominant, color not predominant, beard. Piliferous system. Tattooing. Craniometry: face, height, bi-zygomatic diameter,

facial type, facial index; nose: profile, dimensions, direction, anomalies; teeth: form, dimensions, anomalies; eyes; neck; thorax; lungs; heart; . . . disfigurements.

2. *Examination of sensibility*: Touch: electric current, left hand, right hand, tongue; aesthesiometer of Weber: right hand, left hand, tongue. Pain: "algomètre" of Lombroso: left and right hands, tongue. Sensibility: muscular, topographic, thermic, meteorological, magnetic, metallic, hypnotic, hypnotic credulity, visual, acoustic, olfactive, gustative, chromatic. . . . Anomalies.

3. *Examination of motility*: Voluntary movements: gait, speech, language, writing; reflexes; muscular force; dynamometry; manual skill; anomalies.

4. *Examination of vegetative functions*: Circulation, respiration, thermogeny; digestion; secretions: saliva, urine, sweat.

5. *Psychical examination*: Perception (illusions): ideation (hallucinations); reasoning; will (impulsion); memory; intelligence; works, writings; slang; conscience; sentiments: affective, moral, religious; passions; instincts; sleep; moral sense; habitual expression of physiognomy; psychometry; anomalies.

6. *Anamnestic examination*: Family, parents; state of family; daughters, sons; age of parents; history, diseases, crimes of parents. Precedents: education, instruction, intellectual development, political, diseases, traumatic accidents, crimes, habitual character, occupation preferred. Latest information: last crimes, cause of crime, repentance, admissions, nervous diseases and mental anomalies (inter-current); inquiries.

To this, French investigators have recently added what may be called an hypnotic course, some of the proceedings of which deserve the strongest reprobation, as they amount to a positive incitement to criminal or vicious action. Even as above, however, the intelligent reader will not have much difficulty in discovering the value of the tables. Enormous as are already the collections of tabulated results, rational inferences from them are for the most part impossible. You can find nothing on a difference, say, of .03 on an average of zygomatic distances in fifty prostitutes and fifty honest women; and he would be bold even for a man of science who had much hope in a tabulation of gait, speech, language, and writing. As for divisions Five and Six, it is manifest that the source of information must be constantly tainted by the defects of the criminal himself. Truthfulness is not exactly the most prominent observed characteristic of the class; and there are few circumstances in which a man even not naturally untruthful is more likely to indulge imagination than when undergoing such an examination. The amiable prison chaplains (one celebrated instance will be in every one's mind) in England, the doubtless equally amiable doctors abroad, who collect these precious testimonies and found on them the inference, say, that burglaries are habitually concocted at a particular music-hall, or that such and such a tattoo mark means so-and-so, constantly forget this, though we must own that they occasionally have glimmerings. "There is some dissimulation on the part of the subject," says Professor Angelo Zuccarelli, of Naples, plaintively, on one occasion. We should think so; and the impossibility of allowing satisfactorily for this dissimulation seems to vitiate the "psychical" and "anamnestic" examinations altogether.

It may be admitted, however, that this does not apply to the mere measurements, and so forth. But here the other part of our examination comes in. How is society to profit by all this in dealing with the criminal? Dr. MacDonald, whose business is merely to give a *compte rendu* (which he does very well) of recent books, has nothing, of course, to do with this; Mr. Havelock Ellis has. He attempts it with an odd mixture of shrewdness as to the fads of yesterday and simplicity as to those of to-day. He confesses with great candour that the delusion of a few years ago as to education diminishing crime was a delusion and nothing else. On the other hand, he is quite as superior in dealing with the "antiquated notion" of retribution as any educationist of the fifties was in dealing with those who remarked that a thief who can spell is just as thievish as a thief who can't, and more dangerous. At the same time, though Mr. Ellis says serenely "we cannot punish a monstrosity for acting according to its monstrous nature," and is evidently inclined to believe that, when once the zygomatic distance and the illegality are connected, you have only got to plead benefit of zygomatic distance, his notions are restored to comparative sanity by the consideration of what he calls the "anti-social character of criminality," the "rising flood of criminality" which, he cheerfully admits, is to him a spur to "that great task of social organization to which" &c. We all know that *kyrielle*, and need not trouble ourselves further about it.

For ourselves we are old-fashioned in most things, and in few more old-fashioned than in this. A certain amount of this criminal anthropology has, it has been admitted, the interest of curiosity. It may in exceedingly rare cases (the advantages of which, however, would, we think, be balanced by the extreme probability of making mistakes and by the hurtful effect of inquiry on the subject) conduce here and there to preventive treatment. But to society at large it can do little good, and it must do the harm of creating or fostering the idea that crime is a matter of course. Although the possibility of reforming criminals (which is, however, unnecessary in the occasional cases and rather hopeless in the confirmed) should never be neglected, it appears to us to be only the secondary business of the criminal legislator. Prevention, again, though also his business, can be best secured by a judicious concentration of his faculties on his main business—that of retribution. It is the business of the legislator to adjust to crime—that is to say, the transgression of artificial laws—the same sort of compensatory reaction which exists in nature. If you eat sour apples your interior will ache automatically. It is the business of the legislator to see that, if the apples are somebody else's, an

\* *The Criminal*. By Havelock Ellis. "Contemporary Science Series." London: Walter Scott.

Recent *Criminological Literature*. By A. MacDonald, Ph.D. Reprinted from *The American Journal of Psychology*, Vol. III. No. 2. 1890.

additional ache or inconvenience of some sort is superadded to make the compensation square. This theory is called barbarous by faddists, unscientific by sciolists; but it is, in fact, the perfection of civilization and science. "That the doer shall suffer" is the most universal law of the universe; and man has only got to carry it out where it does not already exist. The whip and the gallows are the best punishments, because they are short, sharp, effective, and inexpensive; the prison is the worst, because it is very troublesome, very expensive, and very ineffective. When you drop the whip and pull down the gallows you either lose your hold on the criminal altogether, or you fall into the inconsequence of an admirable Yankee prison-warder and reformer quoted by Dr. MacDonald. "The whip takes away the convict's manhood"; so "we raise the man off his feet a little, which makes him yield." Poor Captain Annesley of the *Icarus*! Wise Warden Brush of U.S.A.! It is always good to end a painful subject with a laugh; and, as this theory of "manhood" is distinctly well suited to produce that cheerful sound, let us end with it by all means.

## STORIES.\*

**HIGHWAYS and High Seas** is an unmistakable story-book, with gilt edges to the leaves, and a picture on the cover of a ferocious highwayman reining in his fiery courser, and aiming his long-barrelled pistol at nothing in a thoroughly orthodox attitude. It is, therefore, clearly intended for the young. It is hard to judge of the tastes of another generation, because other generations are certainly original and apparently capricious in many of their likes and dislikes, but if an opinion may be hazarded, it is that the young will like Mr. Frankfort Moore's volume. If they like brisk narration, unflagging incidents, a wholesome spirit, and the flogging of villains, they will like it. The story proper begins by MM. Cyril Harley, *pire et fils*, walking along a country-road, and the elder Cyril relating to the younger how, twenty years before, he had had occasion to horsewhip a Mr. Hargrove in the Mall. Before the anecdote was two hours told they come upon another Mr. Hargrove, in the capacity of a highwayman about to shoot a nice little girl for refusing to give up her mother's jewels. Him, therefore, Mr. Harley, senior, flogged in the most terrific manner. He only stopped when to continue in the young lady's presence would have been indelicate, because the highwayman's clothes would not have held out longer. His son, who tells the story, describes the event in a truly filial spirit. "I could have watched it," he says, "for another hour. I could not help feeling it was a great pity that, as he was getting on so well, he should by untoward circumstances be compelled to stop." At the end of the story the same unhappy Hargrove incurs the just wrath of a sea-captain, who in his turn got the upper hand of him, and revenged himself "in a way that made the flogging my father had given him long ago [it was less than a month] seem mere trifling with his feelings. The tune that those rope-ends sang I shall never forget. It was quite a melody in its way. . . . I was so fascinated by the sight of that beating I did not notice, &c." It must be owned that in the meanwhile the unwilling specimen of so much flagellatory skill had done all he could to deserve his fate. He must have committed almost as many capital crimes, according to the then laws of England, as he received whacks from his virtuous enemies, and they included some forms of piracy which are capital still. If the boys of to-day grow up a little over-bloodthirsty in good causes, and a little over-prompt to look after themselves in the sharp and single-minded fashion predominant in Mr. Moore's lively pages, it will be a not very deplorable incident in a very desirable reaction. "Bally-seedy" is not a good title for an incidental Irish peer, as it is actually the name of the home of one branch of a well-known family.

The hero of *Shayning Castle* was a sort of Paul Melnotte the other way on. Heir, as he knew, to an earldom and suitable entailed estates, he disguised himself as a French valet, in order to make acquaintance with his own father by serving him in that capacity. The story is nicely told, and rather amusing in a quiet way, when allowance is made for the occasional intrusions of piety, very much out of place, which are a necessary condition of story-books published by the Religious Tract Society. In this particular case the intrusions are more disagreeable than is necessary or even usual, because the piety is very little indeed better than "Salvation Army" cant. To talk about a young man

brought up at Eton and Cambridge, and never having professed any religion but that of the Church of England, considering, at the special solicitations of a French cook, how it would answer "if he took the decisive step and became a Christian man," is rather disgusting, but not more so than several of Mrs. Davis's reminders that the design of the publishers is moral as well as commercial. There is a vastly diverting passage where the heroine, walking along a quiet Devonshire road, was only saved by the timely appearance of the hero from a horrid death beneath the fangs of an angry tiger which jumped upon her out of a hedge. The author suggests that it was a common tiger out of a travelling show; but, as may be seen from the frontispiece, it was quite forty feet long, and must have been rather a curiosity. Perhaps Devonshire air has this effect on tigers.

*Thorndyke Manor* is a mild and amiable story. On the one hand, it is not abruptly or offensively pious; on the other, it does not arouse any very keen sentiment in the reader. It is impossible to feel much interest in the lackadaisical Kentish squire who cultivated his mind and read his book, and on his rare visits to London sat in coffee-houses, and chatted on friendly terms with Mr. Addison, and Mr. Pope, and Dean Swift. One has no serious apprehension that his villainous steward, Hiram Peckover, will succeed in his machinations to have his master wrongfully convicted of treason, and beheaded, though innocent; and the main reason of this feeling of security is that one would care very little if such were actually Henry Thorndyke's fate. The village idiot, who ultimately brings the wretched steward to grief, makes a poor figure, and the comic conspirators are abject. Most people with nothing else to read would eventually read this story, and perhaps be faintly pleased. It could not possibly do any one any harm, and might even do good in a case of persistent insomnia.

The "rough times" of which Miss Palgrave's story treats were smuggling times, and were about seventy years ago. The heroine, Felicity Hardiston, who, by the way, is a rather well conceived and executed character, had two lovers. One was brilliant, agreeable, and not to be trusted; the other was meek, trustworthy, and tiresome. Naturally the poor girl was rather distracted. Her father occasionally got into trouble through taking too much to drink, and eventually the crisis of the story brought them all together, and their several fates duly befell them. Of its kind the story is rather good. It is one of those in which religious tags are required. Miss Palgrave does not cant, but she has not been quite equal to the task of weaving the tags into the fabric of the story so as to make them look as if they came there by nature. The illustrator seems to have been offended by the homely virtues of the less shining lover, and he has taken a horrid revenge.

The two stories which "Leslie Keith" publishes under the title of the second of them, *Ralph Ellison's Opportunity*, are simply rather long and worldly tracts, bound like a story-book. The other is called *East and West*. The East is Whitechapel and the West Mayfair. A proud and selfish lady went out of family pride to visit poor relations, one of whom was a "poet," and had come from Scotland to London to starve. The poet died, and the lady, after spending her long vacation in the East-End, became humble, unselfish, and a first-rate district visitor or "worker," as the more meddlesome sort of the people who are never happy except when they are minding somebody else's business nowadays prefer to call it. So she married a doctor. Ralph Ellison was something between the ordinary Dissenting minister of fiction (the virtuous one) and Silas Marner. His experiences at last taught him to forgive his neighbours and love his enemies. The man who married the heroine makes his first appearance in these words:—"Until, upon a day, she took her husband's name, and became for the rest of her life Josephine Verney." Thirteen lines later the story concludes, but not before we have learnt that Verney, like the bridegroom in *East and West*, was a doctor.

"Unimpeachable," 'tis an awful word! Our rude forefathers probably never heard of it. Yet it is perhaps the most remarkable thing about *John Winter*. Because dull stories are not infrequent, nor stories about nobody but prigs and bores, nor stories in miserably slip-slop English, nor stories crammed with the most odious cant. It is not new to publish a story-book containing appallingly bad illustrations, nor quite new even to scatter them far from the pages they are supposed to face; and though a picture intended to face p. 318, and facing p. 306, and having in the background a perfectly delightful "greyhound of the Ocean," about to carry off the heroine to a leper settlement in the South Pacific, is unquestionably the worst we have ever seen in a story-book, yet its pre-eminence is rather in degree than in kind. But "unimpeachable," we think, is new.

*Light and Shadow* is like a second-rate nightmare—not a brilliant nightmare, when the mind invents horrors too ingenious to be subsequently remembered, but a nightmare at once repulsive and stupid. It is about a man called Driscoll, who fell in love, married the beloved object, quarrelled with her, made friends with a young man, found that the young man had seduced his wife—or vice versa—went mad, raved for a long time, and poisoned himself. It may be disputed whether Driscoll's reflections, and Mr. Garnett's accounts of them, are more disagreeable when he is supposed to be mad or when he is by way of being comparatively sane.

\* *Highways and High Seas: Cyril Harley's Adventures on Both*. By F. Frankfort Moore, Author of "Under Hatches" &c. With Original Illustrations by Alfred Pearse. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

*Shayning Castle*. By Ellen Louisa Davis, Author of "Brook and River" &c. London: Religious Tract Society.

*Thorndyke Manor: a Tale of Jacobite Times*. By Mary C. Rowsell, Author of "Traitor or Patriot?" With Illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

*In Charge: a Story of Rough Times*. By Mary E. Palgrave, Author of "Under the Blue Flag" &c. With Illustrations. London: National Society's Depository.

*Ralph Ellison's Opportunity; and East and West*. By Leslie Keith, Author of "The Chilcoates." London: Religious Tract Society.

*John Winter: a Story of Harvests*. By Edward Garrett, Author of "The Occupations of a Retired Life" &c. London: Partridge & Co.

*Light and Shadow*. A Novel. By Edward Garnett. London: T. Fisher Unwin.



## HISTORY OF DULWICH COLLEGE.\*

MR. WILLIAM YOUNG'S *History of Dulwich College* will impress the modern reader as a survival from a bygone period of topographical literature. It fills two handsome quarto volumes, containing in all more than a thousand pages; it is well printed, with a margin such as book-lovers desire; the illustrations are good, plentiful, and interesting; and the index is ample and satisfactory. Not only in size, but in other matters, Mr. Young has cherished the best traditions of the craft. The best workmen have not always the advantage of good material; but the historian of Dulwich College has had in the muniments of the institution rich quarries from which to draw.

Dulwich is not mentioned in Domesday Book; but in 967 the "village in the valley"—for so the name is interpreted—was granted by King Edgar to one of his Thanes, and in 1127 it became the property of the Priory of Bermondsey, and remained so until the Reformation, when the manor was purchased by Thomas Calton, whose son Sir Francis sold it to Edward Alleyn, the actor, for 5,000*l*. The wits of the time did not like this incursion of the actor into the preserves of the country gentlemen:—

With mouthing words that better wits have framed  
They purchase lands, and now esquires are made.

Alleyn was probably much more concerned about a possible flaw in his title-deeds than at the uncharitable sarcasms of those who had been less successful in the struggle for life. Although he became lord of the manor of Dulwich in 1606, it was not until 1613 that he began to reside there, and in the same year began the building of the College. What moved him to this foundation is absolutely unknown, and this total want of information led to the Puritan fable that the apparition of "a real devil" amongst the mimic demons on the stage had frightened him into this method of expiation. The "College of God's Gift in Dulwich" was to consist of a master, a warden, four fellows, six poor brethren, six poor sisters, and twelve poor scholars. The churchwardens of St. Saviour's, Southwark, who had nomination of two brethren and a sister, actually break out into verse as they contemplate the liberality of their wealthy neighbour. For warning, not for encouragement, let us quote this, it may be hoped, unique specimen of the muse turned churchwarden:—

As god did moue your mind to build  
A howse for many poore  
To live by weekly almes that you  
Allott them of your store.

God grant they may be thankfull still,  
While aged years giue space  
To Founder's care and friends report  
That brought them to this place.

Thankful they might all be, but some were wanting in other essential qualities. John Muggleton was expelled for "drunkenness and contract of mariage," and a year later Sarah Shepherd departed to marry this bibulous but faithful swain. Alleyn had not only difficulties in organizing his charity, but had to look ahead and provide against its collapse on his death. He had to encounter the opposition of Bacon, who was not favourable to exceptions of the Statute of Mortmain. "I like well," he wrote to Buckingham, "that Alleyn playeth the last act of his life so well; but if his Majesty give way thus to amortize, his tenures of the Court of Wards will decay which I had well hoped should improve." The King had refused consent to the similar endowment of lectures at Oxford and Cambridge, "foundations of singular honour to his Majesty, and of which there is great want; whereas hospitals abound and beggars abound never a whit less." The royal licence was obtained in 1619. Alleyn had troubles and difficulties whilst his great scheme was in process of formation. His servant and kinswoman Anne Alleyn made a secret match with the "preacher" Harrison, some of whose pedantic letters are here printed. One of Harrison's excuses for the clandestine wedding is that his future wife "was under the name of your servant I know no other, and it would have been thought unfit in my poore Judgment y<sup>e</sup> a minister's wife should have served tables, especially the wife of one (be it spoken without Arrogance) y<sup>e</sup> hath taken y<sup>e</sup> degree of a M<sup>r</sup> of Artes." Then another poor sister had to be "expulsed for ungodly and unquiet life." Alleyn's wife died 28 July, 1623, and in December of the same year he paid his dead wife the compliment of a second marriage. He himself died in 1626, and only two months before his death signed the statutes and ordinances for the government of the College. The beneficiaries were all to be single and to lose their position on marriage. The Master and Warden were to be of the Founder's blood and surname, or, failing that, of his surname only. In elections the principle of the Lot was to have effect. When the candidates had been reduced to two they had each, the elder one taking precedence, to draw a roll of paper from a bag, and the one whose paper was blank was rejected, and the one whose paper bore the words "God's-guilt" was appointed to the coveted position. There were elaborate oaths to

be taken by the various officers; elaborate directions as to the dietary; and detailed prescriptions for the management of the charity; but, although the founder tried to foresee all the possible contingencies of the future, his statutes were in the main disregarded or became a source of strife and litigation. The details given by Mr. Young supply most curious information as to the inner workings of an English brotherhood and sisterhood of the common life. These glimpses are more often amusing than edifying. In 1636 the Preacher called the Warden a hypocrite, cozenor, and liar; reviled the magistrate who was called in to arbitrate; spoke scandalous words of the Archbishop of York; took the schoolboys to the alehouse for a drinking bout, and challenged John Alleyn to fight! Some of the sisters were also unruly members. Squabbles, quarrels, and difficulties of all kinds presented themselves in interminable succession. John Alleyn in 1680 was strongly suspected of being secretly married to Mrs. Nye, a daughter of Dr. Peter Chamberlen. Mr. Young prints a characteristic letter from this eccentric worthy (p. 175), who was then eighty years old, and drawing to the close of a life which gained variety from science (he is one of those to whom the invention of the midwifery forceps is attributed), theology (he was one of the founders of the Seventh Day Baptists), and quarrels with other members of the medical profession who did not behave with the respect he thought due to his position as physician to the King. In spite of Chamberlen's disclaimer, there was some doubt as to the relations between his daughter and Dr. Allen. Mr. Young gives particulars of each election, and of the varying circumstance of the finances of the College. A careful study of these pages is not likely to encourage imitators of Edward Alleyn; for the College, never a conspicuous success, failed to adapt itself to the needs of the time, and in 1857 was dissolved by an Act of Parliament, which was acquiesced in by the collegians, who, whilst not opposed to reform, were hopeless of reform from within. Mr. Young sums up in these words, the last sentence of which is perhaps an essay in the Art of Taking Things for Granted:—

Thus quietly disappeared the old Foundation of Edward Alleyn; an institution which he had raised with such care, and hedged about with so many regulations, in the hope, as he so often says, that it would last "for ever." This hope might not have been disappointed had the Master, Warden, and Fellows, especially in later times, realized the necessity to reform themselves from within; but, with the exception of the miserable Grammar School built under pressure in 1842, nothing of the sort was attempted. Yet, many of the Corporation were able and zealous men, willing to do their duty, had they not been hampered by the *vis inertiae* of their older colleagues, who invented customs in order to give themselves as much leisure as possible. As an example may be cited the absurd method of changing week by week the teachers of the scholars, a plan which, no doubt, gave the schoolmaster and usher or second and third Fellows plenty of holidays, but certainly was so obvious a departure from their plain duty, that at last the former scholars raised their voices loudly against the whole system, and largely helped to hasten the change which now took place. Enforced celibacy also caused the younger men to look upon their places in the College as mere stepping-stones to something better, and so induced a more ready acquiescence in the lazy habits of the place. But it may be fairly asserted that if the pious Founder could come to life again now, his kind heart would rejoice greatly to see the present schools and playing-fields at Dulwich, with their thousand or more boys enjoying the fruits of his bounty, even though his statutes and ordinances are set at naught.—P. 426.

Mr. Young describes the localities of Dulwich and the College buildings, and gives an engraving of the Gerontocomium, or "Toude-mannen Huys," at Amsterdam, from which Alleyn is thought to have derived his plan. The Picture-gallery appears to have been added after his death, although he was to some extent a patron of art. By the bequests of William Cartwright and of Sir Peter Francis Bourgeois, who, after the founder, was the most munificent benefactor of the charity, the Dulwich Gallery became a really important collection. Mr. Young prints the Acts of Parliament by which the Alleyn College and the Picture-gallery were reorganized, but does not enter upon the history of the reformed corporation.

The second volume of Mr. Young's book is of even greater interest to the literary antiquary, for it contains a full and excellent life of Alleyn, and an accurate printing of his Diary, free from those notorious conditions which vitiate Mr. J. P. Collier's work. Mr. G. F. Warner's excellent "Catalogue of the Dulwich MSS." has already made known the extent to which modern falsification has been applied to the Alleyn papers. Since then some additional MSS. have turned up, and it may be hoped that an appendix to Mr. Warner's book will appear. Mr. Young prints (p. 341) a letter from Mr. Warner which contains, at greater length than in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the evidence against Collier—something, indeed, very like a precise demonstration of the method by which the interesting Shakspearian items were originally foisted into Alleyn's "Diary." A chapter is devoted to the *notabilia* of the books and MSS. in the Dulwich Library. Amongst these are some broadsides and proclamations of the reign of James I. One of these refers to the "Royal African Company." Mr. F. B. Bickley contributes a chapter on the Dulwich Court Rolls, which extend, with some breaks, from 1333 to 1880; some of the early names are very curious, as Juliana Kachevache, which may be an instance of a family name taken from a locality, for the Keke-wich family are said to come from a Cheshire place of the same name, or it may possibly be an allusion to that mythical beast, Chichevache, which made a lean pasture by feeding upon good women. John Godsendhimus is a Cheshire importation; and such designations as Hugbeard, Pyebaker, Langewete are to be found. The offences dealt with by the Court Leet jury were

\* The History of Dulwich College down to the passing of the Act of Parliament dissolving the original Corporation, 28th August, 1857; with a Life of the founder, Edward Alleyn, and an accurate transcript of his Diary, 1617-1622; to which is added notices of the Lives and Writings of some of the Masters and Fellows, together with notes of local peculiarities and associations. By William Young, one of the Governors of the College. With numerous illustrations. 2 vols. Printed for the Author. London: T. B. Bumpus.

varied if not important, one delinquent being fined, in 1576, for the heinous crime of wearing a hat upon the Lord's Day—a proceeding contrary to the statute 13 Eliz. cap. xix. The officers of the manor were the seneschal, the bailiff, the constable, the aleconner, and the headboroughs or borsholders, who were the chief of the frankpledge.

Dulwich has not sheltered any men of genius, but Mr. Young has made the most of the biographical material at his command. The Rev. James Hume, M.A., who was schoolmaster from 1706 to 1730, had good business faculty, by which the College profited. His MS. journal of a trip to France, in 1714, contains some curious reading. At Rouen, he says, "all the Prisoners that were in the court of the prison were at work, some spinning, some carding, some knitting stockings, &c. And when we tossed over some bread amongst them it was pleasant to see them drop their wooden shoes to be the more expeditious for scrambling." He notes a conversation with the Judge of Torigny, who had for reading, by the way, a French translation of the *Reflections on Learning* of Thomas Baker, the Socius Ejectus. He seriously told Hume that English secretaries, called Multiplicants, followed their assembly for worship by promiscuous lovemaking, the signal for which was the extinguishing of a candle. Hume very properly referred him to Tertullian and Minucius Felix, who had to reply to the same charge when it was brought against the early Christians. Of another Fellow of Dulwich, the Rev. Ozias Thurston Linley, we are told that he studied Plato in Greek on Mondays and Thursdays, gave Tuesday and Friday to the *Principia*, and to Hartley "On Man"; devoted Wednesdays to the works of Samuel Clarke, and on Saturdays struggled with Jonathan Edwards on the "Freedom of the Will." He was more of a musician than a theologian, and when appointed organist to the College, consigned his stock of manuscript sermons to the useful function of fire-lighters. The most notable name, however, on the list of Dulwich College is that of the "Holland House John Allen," as he was called, who was Warden from 1811 to 1820, and Master from 1820 to 1843. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and was a member of the Speculative Society when Walter Scott was its secretary. Another assembly which he joined was that of the Associated Friends of the People, whose proceedings were regarded with unfriendly eyes by the Government of the day. Allen was recommended to Lord and Lady Holland as a medical attendant, and accompanied them on the Continent from 1802 to 1805, and went with them to Spain in 1808. Both before and after his election to Dulwich his real home was Holland House, where he had a definite or indefinite position as a recognized member of the family circle. He was a man of considerable powers, who extorted the warm admiration of critics so difficult and of standpoints so varied as those of Macaulay, Byron, and Brougham, but who might be more harshly judged by those who, unlike all three, were not prepared to excuse anything to a Whig. Mr. Young's notice of this remarkable, if not admirable, person is the fullest that has appeared, and is enriched with extracts from his letters, which contain alike Court scandal and political speculation. Thus, there is an allusion to the connexion of the Princess Amelia and General Fitzroy (p. 400); "The Regent's illness was the consequence of a brutal intoxication" (p. 405); George IV. when in Scotland "was very much bored by Sir Walter's long stories" (p. 412); Brougham arrived at the York Musical Festival "at the moment they were going to perform the *Messiah*, on which Sydney said to some one, 'There's Brougham, come to appear on the other side'" (p. 412). Allen contributed forty-one articles to the *Edinburgh Review*. After the quaint figure of the Founder of God's Gift, the puritanical play-actor Alleyn, with his evident desire to make the "best of both worlds," there is certainly no more curious character in the annals of Dulwich than "Lady Holland's Atheist," as John Allen was frequently called.

Mr. Young has done his work well; his book is unusual alike in size and in arrangement; but it is unusual, also, in the variety of its interest and information, and in the clear and scholarly fashion in which it is presented.

#### A GUIDE TO HINDUSTANI.\*

THE "long-recognized want" alluded to in the Preface which this vocabulary is intended to meet is not a want felt by the cold-weather migrant to India, who looks for something in the shape of an Oriental Ollendorff to enable him to call for a buggy and to summon a cooly from the bazaar. Indeed, we should be surprised to hear of an itinerant member of Parliament on the scent for a job or a ready-made grievance who should wish to express in correct and polished Urdu that a cavalry sword was blunt, a sentry had lost his pouch-box, or that the medical scalpels were inefficient and dirty. This little work is intended to help military and medical men to pass tiresome and inevitable examinations, and especially to make officers competent to interpret the proceedings of a court-martial. As a natural con-

\* *Talim-i-Zaban-i-Urdu: a Guide to Hindustani*. Specially designed for the use of Officers and Men serving in India. With Reference to the Requirements of the Government of India, as laid down in Clause 129, India Army Circular of August 1888. By G. S. A. Ranking, B.A., M.D., Cantab (Surgeon-Major Bengal Medical Service), Author of "Elements of Arabic and Persian Prosody," and "Hidayat-ul-Hukuma." Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co.; London: W. Thacker & Co.

sequence, several of the colloquial sentences are departmental and peculiar. There is, however, a limited stock of general phrases, and some specimens of petitions and letters in the written characters will afford good practice, as they extend from writing almost as good as print to the rapid *shikast*, or "broken" hand, in which all the diacritical points are purposely omitted. The Urdu language to many an Indian Resident is not unlike what French is to an untravelled Englishman. To pick up and have at ready command five hundred or a thousand words, to master the declensions, the ordinary tenses of the verb, the active and passive voices, and the construction of simple sentences, is not a task of herculean magnitude. But to speak Urdu with precision, grace, ease, and fluency is by no means a common accomplishment. Amongst officers in staff employ, and in the ranks of civilians who have served most of their time in the Delhi division, Rohilcund, or the Doab of Hindustan, there are to be found, naturally, some very ripe and sound scholars, men who can import into their conversation more of Arabic and Persian nouns and adjectives when they address a Nawab or a Moulavi than they would if they were talking to a Thakur and a Rajput, and who are equally at home with the jargon of the law courts and with the rustic dialect of the Jat or the Goojur. But it is quite as common to hear men who have been some years in India speaking very awkward and ungrammatical Urdu as it is to miss the true Parisian accent in an Englishman over the *carte* at a French restaurant. And this deficiency is enhanced by the very origin, composition, and structure of the language itself. The range of Urdu composition is in one sense very wide. There is a striking difference in the style and diction of the *Bagh-o-Bakht* and the *Khrad Afroz* compared with the *Ikhwan-i-Usafa*. The Dekhani form of Hindustani is detestable. The rough Hindi dialect—the *thent* Hindi, as it is termed—would be less intelligible to a Mussulman purist from Lucknow than to an Englishman who had been revising and altering Revenue settlements for three consecutive cold seasons. The language of some seventeen millions of Mahomedans inhabiting Eastern and Central Bengal is Bengali, though they have a very third-rate Urdu literature of their own written in the Persian character, and quoted as if it were Farsi, or the language of Iran itself. On the other hand, a well-educated and well-mannered Mussulman from the Madrasa, at Calcutta, or from Haidarabad, in the Deccan, will write and converse in a style very little, if at all inferior, to that employed by his co-religionist at Delhi.

Dr. Ranking's little work has the merit of conciseness and portability, and the selections at the end of the historical and the colloquial style are well chosen. The type is much inferior to the type of Mr. Platt's *Grammar*, of the same language, published in 1874. For some reason, while manuscripts in the Persian character written on gilt paper are of exquisite beauty and high price, the art of cutting Oriental type at some of the presses in India has not been on a par with the scholarship shown in editing Oriental works. Presses provided for the College of Fort William, in the beginning of this century, when it had not been shorn of the grand proportions assigned to it by Wellesley, were often conspicuous for villanous paper and wretched type. Dr. Ranking's Urdu type, if he will forgive the remark, is rather mean, and there are occasional blunders and omissions in the points. And surely it ought not to be the practice of a court-martial to designate any Sepoy arraigned on any charge as a *Kaidi*? That term in all other courts is reserved for a prisoner after sentence has been passed, and probably fetters imposed. The usual designation of an unconvicted prisoner at the bar before any other judicial tribunal is *Asami*. Nor, to be critical in the grammar and idiom, do we exactly make out why, after giving several of the nouns and pronouns, both in the Roman and Oriental characters, and thus facilitating the task of the beginner, the compiler, when he comes to the verbs, entirely drops the Oriental type. Further we could wish that Dr. Ranking had given a more detailed account of the use and construction of that curious little particle *ne*, which so often puzzles students, and which is such a test of proficiency that, in order to avoid mistakes, Hindus who have learned Urdu as a second language generally dispense with it altogether. Dr. Ranking's explanation of the use of this term is not very clear. Mr. Platt, in his comprehensive and erudite *Grammar*, is more perspicuous and to the point. He writes that, instead of saying directly that "The king killed a tigress," the Urdu form is to say that "By [*ne*] the king a tigress was killed." But the learner must not imagine that this gratifying result is obtained by employing the passive voice. No! it is reached by introducing the above little syllable *ne*, and making the tigress the subject or nominative, and the verb to agree with it. Practically the verb is still active and transitive, and yet the turn of the sentence is just the same as if the passive voice had been used. Some grammarians insist that this *ne* is merely the tag end of the instrumental case of the Sanskrit. Mr. Platt is of opinion that it comes into Hindi from the Prakrit. In any view it is one of those constructions which nothing but constant practice can enable a scholar to master. The *Hindustani Manual* of the late Duncan Forbes, in many respects an excellent production, fails to explain the matter. All that can really be affirmed is that the action of *ne* between the agent and the object and on the verb retains the active voice and yet gives it the effect of the passive. But how exactly this is effected is as perplexing to many an Englishman as the correct use of "shall" and "will" is to the French. Dr. Ranking's work comes very seasonably to remind us that, multi-



form as are the dialects and the distinct languages of India, there is hardly a province where, on some occasion or other, the Anglo-Indian will not have to speak in Urdu, and that in ordinary intercourse with educated natives acquainted therewith; and that he is more likely to command attention and ensure respect if he knows how to employ this polite form of *Ap*, and the formal and precative, instead of the downright and direct imperative, mood.

#### FARM ANNUALS.\*

THE pair of farm pocket-books which Mr. James Long has provided for the agriculturist are more likely to improve his mind than his coat-tails. Measuring six inches by four, and weighing together about a pound and a quarter, they will give a decidedly substantial appearance to the farmer who puts one of them into each of his pockets; but whether carried about or kept at home, as books of reference as well as books for memoranda, we think they will be found useful, although we do not go so far as to say that we consider them perfect of their kind. In both volumes there is a Calendar containing the names and dates of shows instead of those of religious festivals, and in each the bulk of the volume consists of ruled paper for memoranda; but the compiler has given detailed descriptions of the various breeds in one of them and not in the other. Why this should be we are at a loss to understand. It seems to us, again, that tables of weights and measures would have been quite as useful in an annual on dairy-farming as in one on poultry and pigeon keeping. We should have thought, too, that a list of diseases and of medicines to be kept in stock would have been as valuable for cattle as for fowls, and why one annual should have an index and the other should have none is to us a deep mystery. We should be interested to learn in what respect a list of the "Money of the Principal Countries" (about two dozen), "with the English equivalents," is more necessary to the rearer of chickens than to the rearer of cows. One of the chief points to be considered in compiling a pocket-book ought to be economy of space, and it seems to us a mistake to occupy many pages of one for dairy-farmers with lists of foreign dairy schools and "foreign dairy scientists and experts." It was quite as unnecessary to give the names of all the members of the committees of the principal Poultry clubs in the poulterers' annual. A farmer would probably prefer a few "ready-reckoners" to a statement of the total acreage under all kinds of crops in eleven European countries and the United States of America, or lists of the "Pioneers in American Dairying," and the varying "Laws relative to Margarine" in something like forty different American States and countries. We fail to see how the poultry-fancier will be the better able to rear his chickens by knowing that the Quintal Métrique equals 220.4 lbs., that the Russian Desiatine is equivalent to 2.7 Imperial gallons, or that the Chinese Cheih measures 1.175 of our feet. Who, again, will be able to make his hens lay better by bearing in mind that the Japanese Yen is worth 4s. 2d., or by carrying in his pocket the all-important statistic that there are 154,323,488,000 grains in a Myriagramme? Even in the English tables there is much that is scarcely relevant to handbooks of this kind. For instance, the information that a ton of Thames ballast will average 20 cubic feet, and that a cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1,210 lbs. does not seem to have much to do with cocks and hens.

Although we consider these useful pocket-books open to a certain amount of criticism, we are very far from intending to scoff at them. They have evidently cost their compiler considerable trouble, and in his preface to the hundred and thirty-five pages of information at the beginning of the *Dairy Annual* he acknowledges his indebtedness to about thirty authors. The comparisons of the milk of various breeds of cows are interesting; so also are those of milk with beef. It is shown that a quart of milk contains more solids than a pound of lean beef, and it is stated "that three pints of milk are equivalent to a pound of beef; but that beef constituents are less properly proportioned [sic], they are more difficult to digest, and there is a loss in cooking." Some useful calculations are given with respect to the cost of cows, and the return they ought to make in milk, butter, or cheese; which, as might be expected, vary according to the particular breed and the milking powers of the individual. It seems that an average shorthorn cow costs almost 17l. a year in keep and labour, and that she should produce from 19l. to 20l. worth of milk or butter, or from 22l. to 23l. worth of cheese. Exceptionally fine milkers will make a return up to 28l. or 29l. by milk and butter, and as much as 32l. by cheese. Comparisons of the milk of various animals appear to show that there is most fat in the milk of the elephant and the dog, most water in that of the hippopotamus, most albumen and casein in those of the dog and the cat, most sugar in that of our own species, most salt in that of the pig, and, curiously enough, that the milk of the cow is not pre-eminent in any special constituent. It was comparatively lately that M. Pasteur discovered the "lactic ferment," or what Cohn calls the *bacillus subtilis*, without which we should have no cheese. "Its germs are in the air, and when they fall into a suitable medium they give birth to the bacillus which

causes butyric fermentation." The lactoscope, the lactometer, the lacto-butyrometer, and the creamometer are very fully dealt with; but we are told very little about churns, and next to nothing about the cream-separators now so popular. We may add that although the book tells us a great deal about milk, it says very little about cows. The "golden rules for a butter-making dairy" are, upon the whole, both concise and excellent. We are inclined, however, to consider them a little too sweeping in saying that "grains" should never be given to milking cows in winter; for many experienced dairymen will agree with us that a small quantity of old grains may be given with advantage for a short time, by way of variety. Then we should have advised linseed rather than decorticated cake, as the latter, although exceedingly fattening, is apt to give a peculiar flavour to butter. In the list of nineteen British cheeses there are names which will not be familiar to everybody. Colwich cheese is comparatively little known; Liberton and Slipcote are not very common, nor is Caerphilly an everyday luxury. Under the heading of French cheeses thirty-seven names are mentioned; and under that of "other foreign cheeses" twenty-seven, including the Italian Rubiole, which is made from the milk of sheep. Details are given of the manufactures of Stilton, Cheddar, Cheshire, and cream cheeses. The analysis of various cheeses shows that Stilton is not so very much richer than other cheeses as may be generally supposed. A fresh Stilton contains sometimes 37.18 of fat, and an average Stilton 35.39, against the 35.30 of Derby and the 33.68 of a six months Cheddar. A Gorgonzola should have a proportion of 43.46 of fat, a Swiss Bachstein about the same proportion as a fresh Stilton, and a cream cheese from 58 to 63.

The directions for the cultivation of crops are much to the point, and are written in the short and abrupt style best suited for a pocket-book. As an example, we may quote the following directions for growing maize:—"Time of planting, May 25 to June 10. Seed, 1 to 2 bushels per acre. Thick planting produces better food. Hoeing should proceed when the plant is up. At this time the maize must be watched, or the crows will have it all." Other details in the same style come before and after the few lines which we have extracted. Very practical, again, is the remark, *à propos* of Prickly Comfrey—"A useful plant to fill up odd corners." The list of "Plants Dangerous to Cattle or Affecting the Milk" will be convenient for the farmer to carry in his pocket. Garlics would obviously appear to be undesirable food for butter-producing cows; but it may surprise some people to find the pretty Wood Anemone in this black list. Although under its name of Common Meadow Saffron that beautiful flower may not appear injurious to cows, it has a different sound when we speak of it as Colchicum. The graceful ivy is another offender, and, as might be expected, "wild onions impart both taste and smell." The tables of rations for cows and horses should be found useful, as also should the statements of the amount of work that a pair of horses ought to be able to accomplish per day on various soils. The analysis of foods, if a little too scientific for some farmers, should prove invaluable to others. The rules for ascertaining the ages of cattle by their teeth would have been better illustrated. One of the most practical tables in the book is that of "Seeds Sown per Acre," which gives the number of bushels or pounds, with the width the rows should be apart, of nineteen kinds of crops; and next to this comes a very handy little table for estimating the quantity of ground, in spaces of various sizes, such as "60 ft. by 726 ft. = 1 acre," "440 ft. by 99 ft. = 1 acre," "5 yards by 968 yards = 1 acre," "80 yards by 60½ yards = 1 acre," and so on. The tables by Dr. E. Wolff, "For the calculation of the exhaustion and the enrichment of the soil (per 1,000)" are important; so also are those of the "Average Composition of Manures." But how is it that no calving table is given? And why are not the dates printed on the weekly Labour Account? Why, again, in the Record of Breeding Cows are the spaces for the dates of service so wide, and those for the names of the cows so narrow. Lastly, why is there no place for a pencil in this otherwise complete pocket-book.

Chiefly for reasons already given, we think that Mr. Long's *Poultry and Pigeon Annual* has some advantages over his *Dairy Annual*. The points of some thirty or forty different breeds will be very valuable to breeders and purchasers, both in their own yards and at poultry shows. Indeed, the annual is well worth buying for the sake of these alone. Mr. Long, however, is not infallible. For instance, in describing Silkies as "fairly good on the table," he ought to have mentioned that their skins are black and that there are dark and evil-looking markings in their legs. In reading the comparisons of the eggs of different breeds, it may surprise some people to find that the eggs of game-fowl weigh more than those of Cochins. In 1888 more eggs were imported into Great Britain from Germany than from France; but while the imports of game and poultry from France were worth 198,721l., those from Germany were only worth 28,581l. It seems that in the course of the same year, while we spent altogether 403,537l. on imported poultry and game, we laid out more than double that amount on imports of ornamental feathers. Those who are under the impression that the spring-mattress has completely exterminated the feather-bed will be surprised to see how many thousand pounds' worth of feathers are still imported for bedmaking; but it is probable that the greater proportion of these feathers is used for pillows, rather than for feather-beds in the stricter sense of the word.

\* *The Dairy Annual. A Reference Book for Dairy-farmers and Dairy-men.* By James Long. London: Allen & Co. 1890.

*The Poultry and Pigeon Annual. A Notebook for Breeders and Exhibitors.* By James Long. London: Allen & Co. 1890.

We think that many readers will pause and reflect over the table headed "Digestion." Nothing, it appears, is so quickly digested as a whipped egg, which only demands 1h. 30m. Boiled milk and raw eggs come next, with 2h. each. It will be news to many people that, whereas roast beef and roast mutton take 3h. in digestion, boiled chickens require 4h. and roast ducks an equal time. On the other hand, "fricassed" (*sic*) chickens are disposed of in 2h. 45m. The most quickly digested of all flesh meats seems to be boiled turkey, at 2h. 25m., and next to that roast turkey and broiled lamb, at five minutes more. A soft-boiled egg takes as long as roast beef, and a fried or a hard-boiled egg half an hour longer; but the glories of longevity in the digestive process rest with "Pork, roasted, 5h. 15m." So much for the end and object of the products of the Dairy Farm and the Poultry Yard.

#### A NEW COLONIAL YEAR-BOOK.\*

**THE Colonial Year-Book**, 1890, which is a handsome volume of some 750 pages, is the first issue of what is intended and will no doubt prove to be a new annual publication containing the latest and fullest information as to every colony in the British Empire as well as all things connected with the colonies viewed collectively. The issue from the press of a new work on such a scale dealing exclusively with colonial matters is a sign of the times, marking not only the actual growth of the colonies in importance, but the growing recognition of that fact in England and the larger space filled by our Colonial Empire in the public mind. The *raison-d'être* of the book (for "book" it is) is to be collected from the Preface, which points out that the mutual dependence of England and her colonies grows daily more intimate and absolute; and that, in a trans-oceanic realm more than eight million square miles in extent, with an increasing population looking homeward for the supply of manufactured goods in exchange for raw materials, there exist vital interests of importance to the commercial community. With these facts in view, the commercial aspect of each colony is carefully reviewed up to date; and the growth of trade, the directions in which English enterprise and capital may be most advantageously brought to bear, and the opportunities offered by sparsely-populated lands to the capitalist, the emigrant, or the engineer, are matters all carefully and suggestively dealt with. Climate, soil, minerals, agriculture, and industries are fully referred to; and there is added the ordinary information required by business men as to banks, insurance Companies, steam, postal, and telegraphic communication, and the like.

But, besides fulfilling these useful functions as a desk companion or book of reference, the new publication aims also at being in some sort a history both of each colony and of our colonial empire as a whole. In furtherance of the latter portion of this scheme, Professor Seeley has written an Introduction containing a *résumé* of his well-known historical views on this subject as set forth in his *Expansion of England*. Special comment upon these remarks is therefore unnecessary; but it is worth while perhaps, with reference to the strong plea for organized Imperial defence in Sir Charles Dilke's *Problems of Greater Britain*, to recall a few words of Professor Seeley's:—

Does any danger (he says) threaten our communications? Could any enemy sever the vital connexion? Perhaps long security has caused us to be too little awake to this possibility. . . . What we have to defend is not the country, but the realm. It is not so much invasion that we have to dread; it is rather some stroke that might damage that vital, sensitive network that covers the ocean, making one economic organism of the whole realm.

With the historical account of the individual colonies we have no fault to find; but the moral effect aimed at in making the book also convey a collective idea of the colonial empire is sadly marred by the plan of arrangement chosen. The various colonies are placed throughout the whole body of the work in alphabetical order, so that Hong Kong jostles Jamaica, and Queensland is found cheek by jowl with St. Kitts. This arrangement may be useful for a mere handy book for rapid reference, but it is unquestionably a blemish in the present case, and especially from the point of view just referred to. We trust that in future years Mr. Trendell will see his way to adopt the more scientific and historical plan of geographical grouping.

In addition to the main contents of the book, there is collected, in the form of an appendix, all necessary information concerning institutions in London and elsewhere specially concerned with colonial affairs, such as the Royal Colonial Institute, the Imperial Institute, the Imperial Federation League, the Emigrants' Information Office, and others. The volume is supplied with useful maps; and it is not overburdened with advertisements, though we should take exception to one or two such "standing where they ought not," between different sections of the letterpress, and must emphatically condemn a coil, representing somebody's cables, that, morally speaking, disfigures the reverse of the cover. Evidence that the matter of the book has been carefully brought up to date is afforded by the fact that one of the recipients of this New Year's batch of honours is duly dubbed knight. And, so far as we have been able to test it, the information given is for the most part accurate and trustworthy;

\* *The Colonial Year-Book for 1890*. By A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G. With Introduction by J. R. Seeley, M.A. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

as, being almost (not quite, as the Preface claims) entirely derived from official sources, it ought to be—so far, that is, as the official sources themselves are to be believed; but, as many an emigrant has found out, the statements of "official" handbooks are not always remarkable for a prosaic adherence to hard fact. One or two pieces of information, however, so trustworthy an official source as the *Postal Guide* would have supplied. Under the head, for instance, of postage rates to Victoria (and other Australian colonies) no mention is made of the fourpenny "all-sea route" introduced in the beginning of 1889; while, with reference to South African mails, mention is made of the supplementary quick mail to the Cape *via* Lisbon; but no mention made of the rate, which is sixpence, so that the reader is left to suppose that the rate of fourpence, which alone is given, is applicable to all routes. Omissions and errors of this kind will doubtless be corrected after this first year of publication.

#### A MANUAL OF ANATOMY.\*

**THE** skilful and conscientious surgeon who has brought forward this work has done his duty to the student, the rising and the advanced practitioner, be he physician or surgeon—for our author clearly challenges criticism from both sides of the profession. Desirous of leaving some permanent record of his twelve years' professorship of anatomy at his school, Mr. Owen most certainly gives us a record which must be of great interest and assistance to all. We are pleased to see that he consents to trespass on the domains of that monopolizing creature the "specialist." There is no doubt but that "specialism" is the curse of the medical profession, little that it is the curse of others. Of course the ground has been already covered, especially in what we have hitherto called surgical anatomy; but its entire range has, perhaps, not been treated from the senior student's point of view—a man who, having quitted the dissecting-room, is in need of a volume which shall supply him with such anatomical information, free of wearying detail, as is essential for his successful and intelligent work in the medical and surgical wards, and in the special departments of his hospital.

Possibly the illustrations might be more original; but the work is highly creditable to its author, and a valuable addition to our somewhat overstocked and ever-increasing collection of books on anatomy.

#### CHRONICLE OF ROBERT OF TORIGNI.†

**"THOUGH** many Continental editions of the Chronicle of Robert of Torigni, abbot of Mont-Saint-Michel"—also known as Robertus de Monte—"have been published," there was nevertheless room for an English edition. The Chronicle exists in numerous MSS., among which the English copies are not the least important, though they "have been practically neglected by the Continental editors." It remained for the present editor to make a thorough collation of these English MSS., together with a further examination of the Vatican MS., "a much more complete analysis of the sources of the writer's information, a more thorough restoration of the true chronology, and a correction of errors as to English matters which the most learned foreigner is sure to make." It is interesting to learn that one of the English copies, now in the British Museum, once formed part of the collection of the scholar-soldier, Lord William Howard, Warden of the Scottish Marches. The principal MS., however, is, as might be expected, that which belonged to Mont-Saint-Michel, and which is now in the public library of Avranches. This, as Mr. Howlett contends, supporting the view which has already been taken by the French editor M. Delisle, is not, as the German editor Dr. Bethmann supposes, wholly the author's autograph; but it contains passages in Robert's own hand, and received his own corrections and additions. Mr. Howlett seems to have spared no pains to do justice to his subject; and his account of the MSS., though necessarily technical, is of more than usual interest.

The date of Robert of Torigni's birth is nowhere stated; but Mr. Howlett suggests "perhaps 1110," on the strength of a calculation made on the assumption that Robert was "quidam scholaris clericus" who, in some verses inserted in his Chronicle under the year 1132, is said to have been healed of sickness by a vision of the Virgin. He had become a monk of Bec in 1128, and, according to Mr. Howlett's reckoning, received deacon's orders three or four years after taking the cowl. It was at Bec that a brother historian, Henry of Huntingdon, saw him in 1139, and was shown by him a book, *De regibus Britannie*—in fact, Geoffrey of Monmouth's too famous compilation of mythic lore and pseudo-history. This we learn from Henry of

\* *A Manual of Anatomy for Senior Students*. By Edmund Owen, M.B., F.R.C.S., Surgeon to St. Mary's Hospital, Lecturer on Surgery, &c.

† *Chronicles of the Reigns of Stephen, Henry II., and Richard I.*—Vol. IV. *The Chronicle of Robert of Torigni, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Michael in Peril-of-the-Sea*. Edited by Richard Howlett, F.S.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.



Huntingdon's *Epistola ad Warinum*, or rather, if we do not misunderstand, from a passage interpolated by Robert himself in that letter. In 1154 he was "claustral prior" of Bec, as we know from his own description of himself when narrating how he was unanimously elected abbot of the great monastery of Mont-Saint-Michel. In 1157 he visited England, where his abbey had many possessions (including the Cornish Saint Michael's Mount); and on his return he appeared before King Henry II., at Mortain, to complain of having been compelled to pay to the King's officers at Southampton *pontagium*, or bridge-toll, for his horses. His complaint obtained a favourable hearing, for the King not only granted a charter freeing the property of the abbey from such tolls in the future, but ordered his officers at Southampton to pay back the pontage they had taken. About Michaelmas in the next year—an appropriate season—the King himself, having occasion to be at Avranches in order to receive the submission of Conan of Brittany, visited the neighbouring Mount of the Archangel.

*Inde venit rex ad Montem Sancti Michaelis, et audita missa ad majus altare, comedit in refectorio monachorum cum baronibus suis. Quod ut faceret, vix abbas Robertus multis precibus extorsit ab eo.*

As Mr. Howlett remarks:—

We may perhaps feel a touch of sympathy with the king's evident unwillingness to go. A grant of land or of a privilege of some kind was, as Henry knew, the inevitable result of such a visit, and surely enough, in the abbot's parlour, after dinner, a parchment transferred certain churches at Pontorson to St. Michael-in-Peril-of-the-Sea. There are records in the Cartulary and elsewhere which show that this act was not pleasing to the bishop of Avranches; but this may have added a relish to the grant.

Nevertheless Henry—perhaps because he had got off at the Bishop's cost rather than at his own—bore no malice towards his entertainers, for only a few weeks later he came again with Louis of France. "Though we hear of no gifts, it is not improbable that the new royal pilgrim gave the gold and silver which renewed so gloriously the shrine of St. Aubert shortly after." In 1161 Abbot Robert stood as one of the many sponsors to Henry's infant daughter—"carissima domina mea et filiola in baptismo," he calls her twenty years later, with an evident interest and pride in her. Altogether he seems to have been high in Royal favour, and to have had considerable power of getting what he wanted from the King—his second visit to England in 1175 being marked by his obtaining a confirmation of all previous and future gifts to his church. Robert was not ungrateful, or regardless of his Sovereign's historical credit. Being an honest man, he tells no positive falsehoods in his Chronicle; but he has a delicate and gingerly way of touching the sore points in his Royal patron's history. A borrowed quatrain upon the year in which "ruit ense Thomas," mentioning no actor and imputing blame to no one, is his nearest approach to a direct notice of the murder of the English Primate. But, as the editor observes, "our abbot never sins otherwise than by suppression"; and his Chronicle, though not of the highest order of mediæval history, is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the times, and especially of Henry II.'s relations with Continental Europe. Omitting preliminary matter of no great historical value, it may be said to begin with the death of Rufus in 1100, and it is carried down to the Christmastide of 1159. The editor has appended many interesting documents from the cartulary of the abbey and other sources.

Robert of Torigni died in June 1186, and was buried under the nave of his own church. A stone with two small incised crosses marks the grave where he and his successor Martin rest beneath the open sky; for that part of the nave which sheltered them perished in 1776.

#### THE DOMINION OF CANADA.\*

**F**AULTS of arrangement have done much to injure this book, which we should otherwise have greeted with a warm welcome. It is intended to be the first of a set, apparently, of three volumes "designed to illustrate the progress of our three great self-governing groups of colonies in North America, South Africa, and Australasia," written with the accuracy and fulness of knowledge to be expected of books published under the supervision of the Educational Committee of the Royal Colonial Institute, of handy size and shape, and got up with the completeness generally to be found in the works issued by the Clarendon Press at Oxford. In this case the delegates of the Press have made a mistake in allowing the insertion of a double-folding paper map in the midst of the pages; it is sure to get torn in use, and is so thick when folded that it prevents the volume from closing properly. The chief mistake of the author, the Rev. W. P. Greswell, is that, though professing to write the history of Canada as a British colony, he has devoted half his space to events which took place before it came under British rule; he has written a short history of the country, and has therefore been obliged to compress unduly the part which it was his special duty to exhibit. He has given us chapters on the early explorers, Norse, English, and French, on the work of Champlain and the Jesuit missionaries, on the colony of New France, and on the war which was crowned by the

taking of Quebec and concluded by the Treaty of Paris. Against the matter contained in these and other chapters on the early history we have nothing to say; they are accurate and, in spite of their attempting more than it is possible to accomplish satisfactorily within such narrow limits, fairly animated. Some passages in this part of the book are indeed much to be commended, and among these we would single out the examination of the causes which led the English to neglect the colonization of the St. Lawrence Valley after the French abandoned it in the sixteenth century, and the short account of the native races of North America. Our complaint is that the space accorded to the history before 1758, or thereabout, is at once too short and too long—too short for the pleasure, or even the full profit, of the reader, and too long for an introduction to a history of the English colony of the size of Mr. Greswell's volume. The chapter which follows the story of Wolfe's victory is virtually filled with the causes of the dispute between Great Britain and her American colonies, and is therefore out of place here. Besides, it presents a rather one-sided view of the question; for it takes no count of the advantages which the colonies enjoyed under the old system, of the commerce open to them, the protection their merchantmen had from the British flag, or the cheap rates at which the people were able to purchase Continental goods. Nor is this the only place where Mr. Greswell has imported extraneous matter into his narrative; his notices of Raleigh's Virginia expeditions, of the foundation of the New England colonies, of Sir Bartle Frere's policy at the Cape, of Captain Bligh's inefficiency as Governor of New South Wales, and of Lord Carnarvon's "South Africa Act," though none of them are of any great length, are flaws in the construction of his work, and, along with other short digressions, help to rob the main subject of the book of the space which it fairly demands.

When Mr. Greswell gets to the history of Canada as a British colony, he has to crowd what he has to say into a small number of pages; and, being somewhat weak as regards method, he does not make up for the brevity of his narrative by clear and orderly handling. Although in his chapter on the colonial policy of England between 1763 and 1783 he finds room to speak of the Kafir war of 1879, and to quote Coleridge on Liberty and Burke on American discontent, he makes no mention of the Quebec Act of 1774, and we hear nothing about it until the next chapter, which professes to trace the development of Canada between 1783 and 1809. There it is described so briefly that the fact that it established the English criminal law is wholly left out, and is to be found only in an appendix to the volume. While much, as we have already observed, is said about the American colonies, not a line is given to Arnold's invasion of Canada, and even the name of Sir Guy Carleton is not so much as mentioned, save once when the reader is told that Lord Dorchester presided over certain Committees on Canada, without a word of explanation as to his connexion with the country. The leading events of the war of 1812-14 are well told. We are always pleased to be reminded of how Broke took the *Chesapeake*, though we think that in this place a notice of the fight at Châteauguay would have been even more to the purpose. After carefully noting the causes of dissatisfaction among the French Canadians which led to the rebellion of Papineau, and the splutter of revolt at Toronto, Mr. Greswell passes to Lord Durham's Report without relating any particulars of his administration, not even the extraordinary folly of which he was guilty in sentencing unconvicted rebels to transportation. In Canada Lord Durham is remembered with gratitude; for his Report led to the union of the two provinces, and scarcely less directly to the constitutional liberty which has followed the Act of 1841. For a time the full development of responsible government was delayed; "the will of the Governor, and behind him the Legislative Council appointed by the Governor, and the Council of England itself, might still strongly sway Canadian politics." In 1856, however, the Legislative Council ceased to be appointed by the Crown, and became an elective body. Mr. Greswell's arrangement continues faulty in his later chapters; a short record of events after the Union Act includes a notice of the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860. In the next chapter we are invited to consider the "Constitutional Question," and again find ourselves reading about Lord Durham and Mr. Poulett Thompson (Lord Sydenham), and finally work back to Sir John Colborne. Some information is, of course, given as to the grounds of the French claim on the coasts of Newfoundland; but the causes which render an adjustment of the dispute between the colonists and the French peculiarly difficult are not touched. The confederation of the sister colonies under the British flag, completed by the admission of Prince Edward Island, is a political phenomenon of a striking kind, which, as is remarked here, may lead to wide-reaching consequences. Mr. Greswell is an enthusiast in the cause of Imperial Federation, and uses some fine words to recommend the idea, though he does not, at least in this book, offer any very definite scheme to our consideration. His suggestion of a union of Colonial Councils with Her Majesty's Privy Council seems to imply a forgetfulness of the present constitutional position of the Privy Council. The picture of "an Amphictyonic Council Chamber at the central shrine at Westminster"—surely not in the Abbey—may be attractive to some people, and if preliminaries could be arranged the Council, Amphictyonic or otherwise, would perhaps work smoothly enough until a serious difference of opinion arose between the representatives of the mother-country and of the colonies, or between the representatives of the several

\* *History of the Dominion of Canada.* By the Rev. William Parr Greswell, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.C.I. Under the auspices of the Royal Colonial Institute. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

colonies themselves. Mr. Greswell adds an Appendix of Notes, one of them containing a useful analysis of the principal Acts and documents relating to the development of the Canadian constitution. His volume is liberally supplied with maps.

#### MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

**MR. WARREN'S** *Table and Formula Book* (Longmans) contains—we quote from the title-page—in addition to the usual tables, an account of some physical and electrical units now in use among scientific men, important formulæ in algebra, mensuration, and trigonometry, together with valuable information on transactions in exchange and commerce. Little fault can be found with the amount of information given in this handy little book, but objection may certainly be taken to the way in which it is arranged. There is, to be sure, a table of contents, which prevents a reader from going utterly astray; but in a book of reference facility of consultation is, after accuracy of statement, the most necessary requirement. One or two slips may be noted for correction in a subsequent edition. Among English coins formerly used the moidore is mentioned—the moidore was a Portuguese coin. In the table of French money the 5-franc piece is called a silver Napoleon, and the 20-franc piece a Napoleon. The name Napoleon applied to these coins during the French Empire has now quite gone out of use, and when a special name is given to the 20-franc piece it is called a Louis. In the account of the metric system the accents are omitted from all the names except the *stère*, and the accent on this word should be the grave instead of the acute. Surely the statement, on p. 115, that a day's journey = 48 Roman miles = 0.30 English miles requires some rectification. The sections devoted to algebraic facts and formulæ, and to trigonometry, might be considerably shortened by judicious omissions.

The *Arithmetic for Beginners* (Macmillan), by Mr. J. Brooksmith and Mr. E. J. Brooksmith, is designed to lead up to the study of the former writer's *Arithmetic in Theory and Practice*. If that, however, had been the only object kept in view, the book need not have been so complete. As it is, it will be found to be a serviceable manual for junior classes in schools, and for pupils preparing for the ordinary professional examinations in arithmetic, where a knowledge of theory is not much demanded. In the matter of arrangement, it may be noted that the chapter on square and cube root comes immediately after decimal fractions and before the compound rules. Would it not be advantageous to transfer to the beginning of this chapter the section on involution which follows division? Pupils would thus be led to see that the extraction of roots is the operation inverse to involution, just as addition and subtraction, multiplication and division, are direct and inverse operations. The methods of working questions in compound multiplication are somewhat old-fashioned, and the advice given (Ex. 1, on p. 78) is of dubious wisdom. The utility of questions about the hands of a clock is solely examinational, and so is that of most of the questions where recurring decimals are involved. The metric system might have been more simply and fully expounded, and space could have been secured for such an exposition by curtailing or omitting what is called "Practice," most of which is only a clumsy way of doing compound multiplication. The metric units of surface and volume have been inadvertently interchanged.

The *New Arithmetic* (Heath & Co., Boston), edited by Mr. Seymour Eaton, is stated on the cover to be by 300 authors. What that may mean exactly is hard to guess, but it probably will serve its purpose as a catchpenny title. As a manual on the elements of a department of science this book has few merits. It seems to be compiled principally for clerks in shops and offices.

*First Mathematical Course* (Blackie & Son) is adapted to the requirements of the examinations of the Science and Art Department, and is divided into three parts—arithmetic, algebra, geometry. Examples and short explanations are given over the whole course of school arithmetic; the algebra extends to simultaneous equations of the first degree, and the geometry consists of the first book of Euclid. There are a few examination papers at the end. Two serious mistakes occur on p. 56, where a litre is defined to be a vessel (shape not specified) whose edge measures one-tenth of a metre, and a gram is said to equal the weight of distilled water (temperature not specified) contained in a vessel (as before) the edge of which is one-hundredth of a metre.

*Practical Plane and Solid Geometry* (Burns & Oates), by Mr. John Carroll, which has now reached an eleventh edition, is one of the best and cheapest manuals on this subject. The section on plane geometry consists of thirty-five lessons, each containing several different problems, which are all worked by the application of the same principles. The enunciations of the problems with directions for their solution occupy the left-hand pages, the illustrative figures are on the right. The exercises in solid geometry, if not so numerous, are well selected. Lessons on areas, orthographic projection, and graphic arithmetic have been added to make the book a complete course of elementary geometry for science and art students.

Professor H. J. Spooner's *Practical Plane and Solid Geometry* (Cassell & Co.) is a fairly good collection of problems arranged

to meet the requirements of the syllabus issued by the Science and Art Department. It contains a chapter on graphic arithmetic, and numerous exercises for solution by the student are scattered through the book. Seeing that this is a third edition, it might be expected that the mistakes, printer's or otherwise, in technical names and etymologies would by this time have been corrected. Several are here noted for subsequent rectification:—Hyperboles should be hyperbolas; frustum, frustum; lotus rectum, latus rectum; eights, eighthths. In explanation of vertical there is given Latin vorto, to turn; of oblique, Latin obliquas; of scalene, Greek scalenous; of dihedral, Greek di, two, and hedron, a side; of nonagon, Latin nonus, nine; of perimeter, Greek peri, around, and meter, that which measures. The two historical notes regarding Pythagoras and Archimedes should be omitted; the first is inexact, and the second misleading.

Systematic treatises on graphical statics exist in French, German, and Italian; but though there are important memoirs on the subject in English, no great English treatise has yet appeared. To supply the want felt by physicists and engineering students who do not read foreign languages with facility, Professor T. H. Beare has translated the two treatises of Cremona on the *Graphical Calculus and Reciprocal Figures in Graphical Statics* (Clarendon Press). The reputation of the great Italian geometer is a sufficient guarantee of two things—first, that the treatment of his subject will be thorough, and, second, that the contributions made by others to this branch of science will not be ignored by him, but will receive due acknowledgment. Professor Beare has done his work well, and not a word of fault can be found with his translation.

Of Mr. F. W. Newman's *Elliptic Integrals* (Macmillan & Bowes) it is not easy to give an account. It would seem that he has been more or less occupied with this subject for about forty years, but his researches have been independent of, and uninfluenced by, those of contemporary mathematicians. Hence one feels in the same position with respect to the notation and nomenclature which Mr. Newman uses as he himself does towards those of others. In a preliminary notice Mr. Newman says:—"Years ago I found that to compare Mr. Russell's equations in the British Association with my own was similar to translating from a new language."

#### SNAP.\*

THE special gift of writing books for boys is a rare one, and Mr. Phillips-Wolley is to be highly congratulated on his possession of it. *Snap* is an admirable boys' book, interesting and invigorating throughout. The moral is such an admirable one that we should be sorry if any one were to search out any evidence to upset it—namely, that if a boy is a really good cricketer he is absolutely certain to vanquish every obstacle he may encounter in life, to resist every temptation, and, finally, to crown himself and those he loves with health, happiness, and prosperity. The story is always sufficiently improbable to be interesting, and never sufficiently extravagant to be unconvincing. The first chapter is a bright and exciting description of a cricket-match, in which "Snap," the hero, wins the game against a strong eleven at a moment when such a result seems hopeless. Subsequently the lad emigrates; and after, of course, thrashing an insolent American, becomes a Cowboy. He has a fight with a madman who is trying to kill a child; he shoots a black bear and numberless geese, widgeon, and shoveller, pochard, pintail, and wood-duck; he escapes in a blood-thrilling manner from an express train which tears across a trestle-bridge on which he is in pursuit of a vagrant cow; he is pursued by a mountain lion, which he slays as it crouches for its final leap at him. He is joined by two old schoolfellows, and together they fight three grizzlies and kill two of them. They almost lose their lives in a storm; they have an encounter with Indians; and they at last secure and make their escape in a derelict balloon. This final incident is the only one with which we have any fault to find. It is so improbable that a party of desperate cowboys, surrounded by Redskins and face to face with death, should chance to find a balloon with a dead German professor in it, hooked on to the top of the mountain up which they have been driven by their foe, and that they should succeed in boarding her and in sailing off in her (after reverently dropping the deceased pundit over a precipice), that we feel it would not have been introduced had it not been absolutely true; in fact, we will go so far as to say that we are convinced that Mr. Phillips-Wolley has himself more than once gone through this identical experience. But we feel that it would have been more in harmony with the uncivilized tone of the rest of the narrative if Mr. Phillips-Wolley, even at the sacrifice of history, had contrived to save Snap and his friends by means more familiar to those of us who are not travellers. Also, it would have been a sounder exposition of the moral of the story if the wealth which finally came to Snap, and which enabled him to buy back his friends' family estate, had been more directly the fruit of his labour than the result of a lucky "find" amongst the effects of

\* *Snap: a Legend of the Lone Mountain.* By C. Phillips-Wolley, Author of "Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus" &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. New York: 15 East 16th Street.



the ill-fated Herr Professor. There is about the author's style a bracing simplicity and unpretentious vividness which is generally a characteristic of the writing of those who have been much in direct intercourse with nature. The following paragraph describes the pursuit of Snap by the lion.

The silence and lifelessness of a North American forest in winter is very impressive. The snow which covers the ground is lighter than swan's down, drier than sand. It falls unheard, it gives place to the foot without a sound. The birds are gone, or if not gone, have hidden. The bear has made him a bed in some hollow tree or cave, and sleeps silently in the silent wood. The squirrel chatters no longer; he, too, has retired to his little granary in some hollow trunk. The rabbit and the weasel are still restlessly wandering about as usual, but both have changed their coats, and assumed a white covering to match the snows amongst which they live. Almost everything sleeps; trees in their robes of snow, the bear in his cave, the streams in their bonds of ice; even the winds are still. Nothing stirs. . . . As the boy faced about, the great reddish brute paused for a moment, crouching, its belly almost on the snow, for the last rush; its ears flattened back, its yellow eyes ablaze with murder, and its white fangs gleaming in the starlight. But a foe in the open can always be tackled and fought outright, and the flash of the good Winchester was redder than the anger in the wild beast's eyes, and the sharp clear ring of the little rifle was a more unerring presage of death than even the scream of the mountain lion.

*Snap* is a book which should please every one and delight boys. It should come as a boon and a blessing to fathers, uncles, and god-parents who lack originality with regard to their choice of gifts.

#### THE STORY OF DENMARK.\*

THE author of this volume labours under the disadvantage of having written it before making up her mind for what sort of audience it was intended. She fluctuates between an air of arid philosophy and a manner suited to an infant school. We strongly object to having this sort of thing served up to us on the platter of a history of Denmark:—

Peat tells us much, and oysters more. Listen to the talk of this aged shell, as we sit upon the beach which now girds Jutland round. He is very old, and his voice is cracked, but you can understand him quite well if you try. "Once," he says, "I was a deep-sea oyster. I was not one of your inland oysters, I was an ocean oyster, I was. This place was quite different when they ate me. I became different too, but you can see what I was. I was a real Atlantic oyster, and no mistake." You see, poor thing, he repeats himself a good deal.

He does, indeed, and so does Mrs. Sidgwick, who is for ever picking up the lost thread of her argument with "Bluetooth killed Gold Harald, I said in Chapter I," or "Do you remember how wicked Abel tried to fight the Marshmen?" or "What has this making of the ground got to do with history?" There is no sign that the volume, or the series to which it belongs, is intended for elementary reading. Infants, indeed, have other things to do than follow the intrigues of Valdemar Seir and Valdemar Atterdag, and we must therefore conclude this triviality of style to be native to Mrs. Sidgwick. We must confess that we cannot regard it as a happy historical manner. "Tacitus, the clever Roman," is not a critical expression, and as for "Here we go gathering nuts in May, said Germany" (in 1848), Mrs. Sidgwick may say what she likes; nothing shall persuade us that she did not mean to be amusing.

Nor can we fairly give much more praise to the matter than the manner. In dealing with Danish history Mrs. Sidgwick takes, as it appears to us, a fatally near-sighted estimate of the relative importance of events. She treats Denmark as if she looked at it only from a British point of view. She gives, for instance, eight pages to a description of the so-called battle of Copenhagen, that picturesque episode of the 21st of March, 1801, but to the incidents which led up to the Declaration of Norwegian Independence, and to the wars of 1813 and 1814, which were of inestimable historical and political importance, she devotes exactly six vague lines. A glance at Allen, or even at Fabricius, would have enabled her to fill out this poor statement to respectable limits. But we cannot persuade ourselves that Mrs. Sidgwick has made any use of native materials. She quotes a Frenchman, M. Roger, with acceptance, but her description of the reigns of the Valdemars shows no sign of her ever having heard of the writings of Frederik Hammerich, nor her allusions to the Danish navy any knowledge of the popular and useful volumes of Tuxen. Yet an historian of Denmark should surely be acquainted with what the Danes themselves have written about their history. A reading of Vaupell's *Kampen for Sønderjylland* might have enabled the author of *The Story of Denmark* to give an intelligible account of the war of 1848. But we are not sure that any amount of study would give her the power of spinning, quietly and steadily, the thread of progressive historical narrative. We are glad, however, to close with a word of praise for the accuracy of the proper names in this book, which show a careful and competent revision, although *Odinse* is an affected and *Kronenborg* an incorrect spelling, and although Mrs. Sidgwick can never make up her mind whether Slesvig or Sleswick is the preferable form, and so uses each by turns. In the heroic period she acknowledges the help of Mr. York Powell.

Singularly enough, Mrs. Sidgwick would almost seem to think that no history of Denmark exists. She says, in her lively manner, "Denmark, how hast thou deserved to be so neglected

of history-writers, great and small?" As a matter of fact, Denmark has not been neglected at all. Her native historians are numerous, and several of them are admirable. Norway and Germany have added to the stores of historical information, and in Sweden side-lights have been supplied by Fryxell and a group of patient investigators. Those who read French will find all they want in the excellent volumes of M. E. Beauvois, founded upon Allen. In English, to mention only a comparatively recent work, we have Miss Otté's *Scandinavian History*, not a perfect compilation, but one from which Mrs. Sidgwick might learn much. She need not be in so great a hurry to pity poor history-abandoned Denmark.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

TO any one who takes an interest in criticism as criticism—that is to say, who does not regard it as an occasion for letting off fireworks or for wiping off old scores—few books could be more interesting than the work by M. Ferdinand Brunetière (1) on the evolution of the critical art from the Renaissance to our time, which forms the first volume of the lectures given, or to be given, by the author to the Ecole Normale Supérieure during this year and next. It would be very easy to pick holes in M. Brunetière's treatment, and still more easy to quarrel with individual utterances of his. We doubt, for instance, whether there is much more unity in his own handling of French criticism than in other books which he reproaches. We cannot find a *vera causa* in his plea, that if Racine and Molière "n'ont pas toujours atteint cette profondeur de pensée que nous trouvons dans un Shakspeare ou dans un Goethe [this by the way is an odd pair to drive in a curriole, but never mind], vous trouverez que la faute est à l'influence des salons et des femmes." That "will not do." No living salon, no living woman could choke back the wind of the spirit if it were there, and if it could, so much the worse for the Racines and the Molières. It is odd, too, to find M. Brunetière saying that you can see at once that Racine knew Greek and Latin, Corneille only Latin. In one sense, no doubt, you can—that is to say, Racine's master is Euripides, and Corneille's Seneca. But in another Corneille is infinitely more Greek and less Latin than Racine. A critic should, perhaps, not say "Je n'aime guère Diderot," for overwhelm Diderot deep as you may (and Heaven knows he gives occasion enough!) with reproaches and denunciations, he has a John Barleycorn-like habit of getting up again and "sair surprising you all" as a critic. Although M. Brunetière's erudition is whole leagues above the erudition of a Jules Janin or a Jules Lemaitre, we cannot help thinking that he has not assimilated English and German, Italian and Spanish, that he "loves them little," just as he loves Diderot. Although he has much softened his ancient wrath against Old French literature, he shows remnants of the old man in such speeches as that "rien ne ressemble à une épopée comme une autre épopée, à la *Chanson de Roland* comme la *Chanson d'Alicans*." M. Brunetière is here confounding two things. Nothing is, in fact, more difficult than to distinguish the personality of the author of one *chanson de geste* from the personality of another, for the simple reason that that personality never appears. But *Roland* is not in the least like *Alicans* as a work; and we venture to doubt whether M. Brunetière has read both through in the original. He does not say that he has. Enough of this. Repentance is, no doubt, a theological virtue, but we are inclined to think it something of an artistic defect. *Pecca fortiter*, provided you also virtuously energize strongly, is good art, if bad morality. The virtues of M. Brunetière are very conspicuous in this book, which begins with an introduction containing an admirable, and much-needed, distinction between the non-existent "science" and the existent "method" of criticism, and a still more admirable insistence on the necessity of comparison of authors and literatures. Then it takes up the *Pléiade* critics, goes on to the Malherbe and Balzac period, makes a stout fight for M. Brunetière's beloved Boileau, discusses eighteenth-century criticism, and takes up valiant though discriminating cudgels for La Harpe; enlarges, as we could have anticipated, rather complaisantly on Villemain, a spiritual ancestor of M. Brunetière's; does justice, in one sense, to Sainte-Beuve, and justice in another to M. Taine, with a passing note on M. Scherer. We wish M. Brunetière could have spared the line or two which we have not noticed for that admirable critic, M. Montégut, but he could not do everything. The great merit of the book, agree or disagree as we may with its individual judgments, is the masterly manner in which it holds the line between the jargon of scientific criticism and the æsthetic pottering of too much criticism that is not scientific. We may sometimes think that a still wider knowledge of other literatures would have saved M. Brunetière from some errors. We can never, as we can so often and too often say, that he speaks of that of which he does speak without wide, without reasoned, without digested reading. "Quite a pleasure to meet a scientific gen'lman!" said the poacher to Launcelot Smith in *Yeast*. There is nothing more rare than this pleasure, it is rarest of all, when the "gen'lmen" call themselves scientific, in the case of the critic. For our part, while we are ready to meet M. Brunetière on foot or on horseback, with pistol or sword, stripped to the shirt or

\* *The Story of Denmark*. By Charlotte S. Sidgwick. London: Rivingtons.

(1) *L'évolution des genres dans l'histoire de la littérature*. Tome I. Par Ferdinand Brunetière. Paris: Hachette.

with armour, on divers critical points, we have nothing but admiration for his method and his competence in it.

There is a certain perverse pleasure in putting next to M. Brunetière's book two such books as "Le dernier de Richard O'Monroy," and M. Maurice Beaubourg's *Contes pour les assassins* (2). The former is less unworthy of the ingenious author than the last of his productions that we noticed; but it has much of the fault of his later work. It gives foolish people not altogether foolish cause to blaspheme when they find that Mr. O'Monroy's notion of the way a great lady would address her lover is "my handsome adored male." Vice does not lose much of its grossness there. As for M. Beaubourg, his friend Maurice Barrès has provided him with a preface, in which he vindicates with perhaps unnecessary warmth (for who denies of it, M. Barrès, who denies of it?) the *droit à l'ironie*, and in one sentence gives a really masterly sketch of the career of a French man of letters. He is, it seems, successively "bafoué amicalement dans les journaux, loué par le *Figaro*, inséré dans la *Revue des deux mondes*, blackboulé à l'Académie," after which "il mourra définitivement conspué par les jeunes gens de lettres qui surgiront dans trente-cinq ans et de qui le moi sera différent de son propre moi." As for the book itself, M. Beaubourg would appear on the one side to have inspired himself from, or to have curiously hit it off with, the *Essay on Murder*; on the other, to have entertained the by no means illaudable purpose of satirizing the Beylists and other foolish folk of the day. His first *conte*, though rather long, and quite unnecessarily defiled by mere *spurcities*—dirt of the kind that is not amusing, not even immoral, but purely nasty—is really funny, and promises very well. Another, *Célestin Gardanne*, would be good if it were not a little overdone. Some others are of the old extravaganza style. We must wait to see how much fire M. Beaubourg has in his inside; but he would certainly seem to have some.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"THE wealth of Ormuz and of Ind" surpasses, it appears, the dreams of the most imaginative of poets. *The Industrial Competition of Asia*, by Claremont Daniell (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), is a far-reaching review of Indian trade and finance, in the course of which the author directs attention, not for the first time, to the enormous amount of gold existing in India, as bullion, or otherwise useless for commercial purposes. This unemployed gold is estimated by Mr. Daniell at the value of 270 millions, and is increasing at the rate of three millions annually. If it were not for the remarkable prosperity of India, "the extraordinary cost," as Mr. Daniell well observes, "of procuring gold to discharge the obligations of the Government of India in England could not have been met out of the taxation of the people." It is very questionable finance, he argues, for the Government to neglect the gold within its reach, and buy gold abroad at a fancy price in silver in order to discharge its gold debt. Mr. Daniell would remonetize gold in India. He proposes the adoption of a gold coin equivalent to the English and Australian sovereign, and would authorize the coinage of the hoarded gold in the country, silver still remaining a legal tender, the gold money to be a legal tender in the discharge of debts to Government or of debts to individuals that exceed five thousand rupees. At present the hoarded gold, in whatever form it be, is not available for realization by the owner, except at considerable loss at the hands of the goldsmiths and others. If coined, it would circulate freely, and would prove a beneficial reform, Mr. Daniell urges, by reducing the enormous cost which the country is now put to in the purchase of English gold. The effect upon the price of silver is a question considered very fully and from various aspects by the writer, though the most recent events have perhaps interfered a little with him. He recognizes the probability that people who have long hoarded gold are not likely all at once to abandon the habit; yet he has no doubt whatever but that the gold would be brought liberally to the Mint, and that his scheme must prove beneficial to Indian taxpayers. That it does not appear to involve risk of any sort is certainly a merit in Mr. Daniell's economic proposal.

The fifth chapter of Mr. Samuel Plimsoll's "second appeal for our seamen"—*Cattle Ships* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)—is issued, at the point of urgency, to incite all and sundry to petition in favour of the "Merchant Shipping Act Amendment (No. 2) Bill." Apart from the horrors of cattle-ships, and the loss of life entailed by them to seamen and cattle, Mr. Plimsoll's opening argument against the importation of live cattle might be deemed conclusive by those to whom his appeal is addressed. Curiously enough, much more is made of the humane plea than of the argument that the practice is superfluous. Mr. Plimsoll, after diligent inquiries in Smithfield and Deptford, finds there is no superiority in the meat of imported live cattle compared with refrigerated meat, and that no one benefits by the importation of live cattle except the middleman, who makes an illegitimate profit at the expense of the English producer or grazier. Here is a hint of fraud. The middlemen, says Mr. Plimsoll, or those who send over these American live supplies, persuade us to "put our trademark upon them, to the great cost of our people," and the meat passes as "best Scotch" or "English-

fed" beef. Now, if a profit be made, call it illegitimate or not, there must be a show of superiority in the meat thus fraudulently sold, and there will be no lack of people ready to make the profit. But Mr. Plimsoll declares there is no difference between the dead meat imported and that of the live cattle. The former may be stored six months and be none the worse for it; yet it cannot be sold as English meat. Why, then, import live cattle? asks Mr. Plimsoll. The answer, coming from the market, seems perfectly clear on his own showing. There is a profit to be made from the practice, and if it is made in the way he suggests it speaks volumes for the astuteness of the English producer and the English buyer that it should be done. For, says Mr. Plimsoll, ingeniously enough, "I have not seen in America the fat pastures of Scotland or England," and even if those fat pastures existed, the horrors of the Atlantic passage must be accounted a terrible set-off to their virtue. What well-conditioned beast could survive the voyage in a typical cattle-pen? Yet there is the profit. No wonder is it Mr. Plimsoll exclaims, "Oh! dense John Bull!"

*Elementary Schools: How to Increase their Utility* (Pearson & Co.) is a little book that should be read by all who are interested in Board School education or may be anxious about its future. The volume comprises six lectures, by more or less eminent hands, delivered in the board room of the London School Board within the last eighteen months, upon such important subjects as science, music, physical culture and recreation, mechanics, hand and eye training, and evenings of amusement. These lectures represent, for the most part, the aspirations of those advanced "educationists" who regard proficiency in the three R's as a "narrow and short-sighted view of elementary education," to quote Mr. William Bousfield's preface. Some there be who will misread the title "How to increase the rates," but it is for them, quite as much as for the sympathetic, that such lectures as Professor Villiers Stanford's, and that of Mr. George Ricks, on "Hand and Eye Training," should prove useful and suggestive. Mr. Ricks writes soberly and with a keen eye to practical issues on the subject of manual training in Board Schools. A like discretion is scarcely the mark of all the lectures. On the subject of physical culture, which may mean anything in the world of athletics, Colonel Onslow is a trifle in the clouds. He asks indignantly why the Education Act of 1870 provided military drill for boys? "They are not all going to be soldiers," he remarks. He forgets the encouragement the drill offers to the rest. Still more strange is his disbelief in the physical benefits of drill.

*The Schoolmaster and the Law*, by Mr. James Williams, assisted by Mr. Edward Markwick (Bell & Sons), a manual intended chiefly for private schoolmasters, treats of the relative legal positions of the schoolmaster and the public, the schoolmaster and his assistant, or his rival who attempts to "compete" with him unfairly, the contract between master and parent, the married woman as teacher, the infant as teacher, and other interesting topics. Whether it be the outraged parent who would "have the law" of the master, or the master who would have the parent on a point of contract, this lucid and really interesting handbook will assist them much in the light of old and recent legal decisions. Numerous cases are cited, and they are all clearly put and relevant.

Among recent volumes of verse Mr. A. Johnson-Brown's *Rejected of Men* (Sampson Low & Co.) deserves notice for the dignified treatment by the author of certain passages from the Gospels in blank verse that is skilfully modulated. *The Ode of Horace*, by Mr. J. Leigh S. Hatton (Seeley & Co.) are translations of various degrees of merit. Some show a fluent literalness, others are decidedly bald renderings, and all through the book the choice of metres that are either unhappy or absolutely misrepresenting is a matter that arrests us with wonderment. The version, for example, of "O fons Bandusie, splendor viti" recalls a common measure of some popular hymnal:—

O clearer far than crystal!  
O worthy sweetest wine!  
O fountain of Bandusia!  
That garlands should entwine!

*Verses and Thoughts*, by Florence Severne (Spottiswoode & Co.) is a volume of tuneful short poems, the verse of which is generally smooth and correct, and the thoughts of the poet not too deep for average human sympathy. In ten cantos of jingling stanzas—*The Girdle of the World* (Authors' Co-operative Co.)—does "Ralph" commemorate a voyage round the world, the "voyage of Mr. Mucklemouth," and makes a start, making the reader start, with:—

It was with the P. and O.  
That I booked myself to go  
In their good ship the *Victoria* light;  
To go round and see the world,  
With my gallant sails unfurled,  
And to witness how it twirled  
In its flight.

Not only does the poet appropriate the ship, and speak of his gallant sails, but he takes the whole globe to his arms before he gets back with a fine air of patronage.

*Rowing at Westminster* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) is an interesting memorial volume, extracted from the "water-loggedgers" of the school from 1813 to 1883, and illustrated by some pretty etchings by Mr. Herbert Marshall. The record preserves the names of the various crews and those of their opponents, with

(2) *La grande fête*. Par Richard O'Monroy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.  
(3) *Contes pour les assassins*. Par Maurice Beaubourg. Paris: Perrin.



a complete list of "heads of the water," whether Queen's Scholars or Town boys.

*The Rajah and the Rosebud*, by William Sime (Bristol: Arrow-smith), is a story well suited to the tastes of the adventurous and romantic. It tells of the fatal love of an Indian prince for a charming English girl, who certainly ought to have been united to the amiable despot. As it is, he kills himself for her sake, and she is left in the end, unmarried, and living for self.

Dr. Alfred Schofield's *Health at Home Tracts* (Religious Tract Society) is a little book of brief practical hints on cooking, diet, the care of children, nursing the sick, clothing, and such common ailments as afflict most people.

From Messrs. John Walker & Co. we have an excellent *Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of Latin Quotations*; a compact compilation, with an appendix on the Roman Calendar and Roman money.

We have also received the twenty-first volume of the *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute, 1889-90*; the fourth volume of *Miscellanies*, by Professor F. W. Newman (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *A First Aryan Reader*, edited by G. A. Schrampf (Nutt); *Essays, Essay Writing, and Paraphrasing*, by C. J. Dawson (Hughes & Co.); *The Story of the Gadshys*, by Rudyard Kipling, No. 2 of the "Indian Railway Library" (Sampson Low & Co.); *In Safe Hands*, by M. H. Howell (Warne & Co.); *Within an Ace*, by Mark Eastwood, fifth edition (Digby & Long); *Ondar the Just*, by S. S. Woodall (Nisbet & Co.); *Tales of the Black Forest*, selections from Auerbach, with notes by A. H. Fox-Strangways (Longmans & Co.); *Poems*, by M. G. Budden (Digby & Long); *Elementary Arithmetic*, by Charles Pendlebury and W. S. Beard (Bell & Sons); *The Lord's Prayer in the Languages of Africa* (Gilbert & Livingston); and *Igrasil, the Journal of the Ruskin Reading Guild*, edited by William Markwick and Kineton Parkes (George Allen).

We learn that Miss Whinyates's *Prince Bulbo*, noticed last week in the *Saturday Review* under the heading *Ingratitude*, was dramatised from *The Rose and the Ring* and published with full permission from the proper quarters. It clearly was not Miss Whinyates's fault that the acknowledgment was printed "most [obscurely] and courageously." But in acknowledging this we must renew our implied protest against the suggestion that Fairy Blackstick—grande dame s'il en fut—should wear "a witch's dress."

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,818, AUGUST 30, 1890:

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*The Strike Epidemic.*    *The "Knight" and the Bishop.*  
    *"As You Like It" in "Blackwood"*  
*The Anglo-Portuguese Agreement.*    *Cardinal Manning's Precedence*  
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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Admission daily, One Shilling. THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MINING AND METALLURGY. Open daily from 10 till 5. GRAND AL FRESCO BALLET, "THE WITCHES' HAUNT," every Evening, Free. FREE POPULAR CONCERTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS daily. GRAND FIREWORK DISPLAY by Messrs. C. T. BROCK & CO. every Thursday.

**BRITISH MUSEUM.** THE READING-ROOM AND NEWSPAPER-ROOM will be CLOSED from Monday, September 1, to Thursday, September 4, inclusive. British Museum, August 26, 1890. E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, Principal Librarian.

**YACHTING CRUISE ROUND THE UNITED KINGDOM.**—THE ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their Steamship "GARONNE," 3,276 tons register, 3,000 horse-power, from London on September 6, and from Leith on September 8, for a Three Weeks' Cruise, visiting Inverness, Kirkwall, Lerwick, Gairloch (Ross), Oban, the Clyde, Belfast, Londonderry, Limerick, Bantry Bay (for Killarney), Queenstown, and Plymouth. The "GARONNE" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.

Managers.....{ F. GREEN & CO., 13 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; { ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & CO., 3 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

**VIRGINIA DEBT.**—NOTICE is hereby given by the BOND-HOLDERS' COMMITTEE that a majority of the whole of the Securities representing the State Debt having been now deposited with Messrs. BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., London, and with the other Depositaries in the United States, NO FURTHER SECURITIES WILL BE RECEIVED by said Depositaries AFTER SEPTEMBER 15 next, otherwise than subject to such penalty and conditions as the Committee may decide.

Messrs. BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co. are now prepared to issue their Engraved Certificates for Securities already deposited in exchange for the (temporary) Deposit Certificates.

FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND, CITY OF LONDON.

**THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS of the City of London** will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, September 23, 1890, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for taking on BUILDING LEASE for a term of Eighty Years a PLOT of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, situate at the corner of Little Swan Alley and Copthall Avenue with Public-house Licence attached. Further particulars, with Conditions and printed Forms of Proposal, may be had on application at the Office of the Engineer to the Commissioners in the Guildhall.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal. Persons tendering must attend personally, or by a duly authorised agent, on the above-mentioned day, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, and the party whose offer is accepted will be required to execute an Agreement and Bond at the same time.

Proposals must be sealed up, endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground," and be delivered in, addressed to the undersigned, before One o'clock on the said day of treaty. Sewers Office, Guildhall: August, 1890. HENRY BLAKE, Principal Clerk.

## EDUCATIONAL.

THE MASON COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

SESSION 1890-91.

FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SCIENCE.

THE NEXT SESSION COMMENCES on Tuesday, September 30, 1890.

A Syllabus, containing full information as to the various Courses of Instruction, lecture days and hours, fees, scholarships, &c., is published by Messrs. COXIST, New Street, Birmingham, price 6d.; by post, 8d.

Further particulars may be obtained on application to the SECRETARY, at the College.

R. S. HEATH, Principal.  
GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

Our attention has been called to a long letter in *The Academy* of August 23, in which Mr. Thomas Arnold complains bitterly of a review of his *Rolls* volume, "The Memorials of St. Edmund's Abbey," in *THE SATURDAY REVIEW* of July 26. As Mr. Arnold says that he complains as he does because "THE SATURDAY REVIEW does not admit correspondence" the guileless reader might be under the impression that Mr. Arnold had made his plaint direct, and had been rebuffed. As a matter of fact, Mr. Arnold has neither done nor suffered anything of the sort. *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*, for very good reasons, does not publish letters; but it has never neglected a well-founded complaint of misrepresentation in matters of fact. The author of the review complained of is at present out of England; when we have had the opportunity of consulting him on the subject, Mr. Arnold shall, though his method of questioning be somewhat indirect, not fail of his answer.

### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

Advertisements intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

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## ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE,

Incorporated by Royal Charter.  
WINTER SESSION, 1890-91.

The WINTER SESSIONAL COURSE OF INSTRUCTION will commence on Wednesday, October 1. The Chair will be taken by Gen. Sir F. FITZLYNCHAM, Bart., M.P., and the INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS delivered by Professor PRITCHARD, at One P.M.

Lectures, Clinical and Pathological Demonstrations, and General Instruction are given on the Comparative Pathology and Diseases of the Horse and other Domestic Animals, including Epizootics, Parasites, and Parasitic Affections; also on Bacteriology, Comparative Anatomy, Physiology, Histology, Chemistry (General and Practical), Materia Medica, Toxicology, Botany, Therapeutics, and Pharmacy, Hospital Practice, Obstetrics, Operative Surgery, the Principles and Practice of Shoeing, &c.

Students are required to attend Three Complete Seasonal Courses of Instruction before being eligible for examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. The College Entrance Fee of Sixty Guineas, payable as a whole or in the following proportions: Twenty Guineas on entry, Twenty Guineas at the end of the first period of study, and Twenty Guineas at the end of the second period of study, confers the right of attendance on all the Lectures and Collegiate Instruction during the prescribed Terms of Study.

The Matriculation Examination will be held at the ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W., on Wednesday and Thursday, September 24 and 25, at Ten A.M. Candidates must attend on Tuesday, 23rd, for the purpose of paying the fees.

A Scholarship of £25 per annum, tenable for two years, dating from October 1890, will be awarded at the close of the Summer Term of 1891; and an additional Scholarship of the same amount in each succeeding year.

Medals and Certificates of Merit are awarded in addition to the Coleman Prize Medals and Certificates.

Class Prizes are given in each division of the Student's studies. Certificates of Distinction are likewise conferred on Students who pass a superior examination for the Diploma of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

A Prospectus containing the Rules and Regulations of the College, and copies of the Matriculation Examination Papers set last Session, will be forwarded on application to the Secretary.

August 1890.

RICHARD A. N. POWYS,  
Secretary.

## HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, HEIDELBERG.

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THE SESSION will begin TUESDAY, October 7, 1890.

## OUNDE SCHOOL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

NEXT TERM begins September 19. An Examination for several Scholarships will be held on December 16, 17, and 18, 1890. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY.

## THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Wednesday, October 1.

The Hospital, which is the largest general Hospital in the kingdom, contains nearly 600 beds, all in constant use. There are wards for Accidents, Surgical and Medical cases, Diseases of Women and Children, and Ophthalmic cases. Special departments for Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Skin and Teeth, and for Cancer, Tumours, Diseases of the Bladder, Piles, and Fistula. Number of in-patients last year, 9,105; out-patients, 100,839; accidents, 11,400.

Surgical operations daily. APPOINTMENTS.—Resident Accoucheur, House Physicians, House Surgeons, &c. Forty of these appointments are made annually. Numerous Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Post-mortem Clerks, and Maternity Assistants are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board.

Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £75 and £50, and two Buxton Scholarships, value £20 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Sixteen other Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.

The London Hospital is now in direct communication with all parts of the Metropolis. The Metropolitan, District, and other Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital and College.

For further information apply personally, or by letter, to  
Mile End, E. MUNRO SCOTT, Warden.

## WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

CAXTON STREET, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on October 1st. Introductory Address by Dr. T. COLCOTT FOX, at 4 P.M., followed by Distribution of Prizes.

TWO ENTRANCE SCH. LARSHIPS, value £80 and £40, and one of £20 for Dental Students on Examination, September 23 and 24.

There are also numerous Prizes.

FEES.—100 guineas in one sum on entrance, or £110 in two payments, or £120 in five payments. Special fees for partial and Dental Students.

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Prospectus and all information on application to  
W. H. ALLCHIN, M.B. Lond., Dean.

## ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL,

HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Wednesday, October 1, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Mr. AUGUSTUS WINTERBOTTOM, at 4 P.M.

A Prospectus of the School, and further information, may be obtained by personal application between One and Three P.M., or by letter addressed to the DEAN at the Hospital.

## CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL of PRAC-

TICAL ENGINEERING.

The NEXT TERM opens on Monday, September 8.

I. MECHANICAL COURSE. II. CIVIL ENGINEERING DIVISION.

III. COLONIAL SECTION.

Special Department for Electrical, Marine, &c.

Prospectus of the undersigned, in the Library, Crystal Palace.

F. K. J. SHENTON, F.R.Hist.S.

Superintendent Educational Department.

## COLSTON'S GIRLS' DAY SCHOOL, BRISTOL.—A HEAD-

MISTRESS is required for this ENDOWED SCHOOL (intended for Girls of the Middle Class), which will be opened in January 1891. The election will be held in September or October. Minimum Salary, £200. Age from twenty-five to thirty-five. No residence. For further particulars, apply to GEORGE H. POPE, Merchants' Hall, Bristol.

## INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE—NEW REGULATIONS.—

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The Entrance Examination for the Michaelmas Term will be held on October 8.

The fee for board, lodging, and tuition is £25 for each of the three University terms. For further information apply to the MASTER.

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The NEXT SESSION will commence on Wednesday, September 17. The Institution is in affiliation with some of the largest Electricity Supply Companies, into whose works and stations the Students are drafted. Application should be made to the Secretary, F. A. LATHAM, M.A., 15 St. Helen's Place, E.C.

## PRE SCILLA, LAUSANNE.—Miss WILLS, late Head-

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GROSS INCOME, £500,000.

## PHENIX FIRE OFFICE

LOMBARD STREET and CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1769.

Moderate Rates. Absolute Security.

Liberal Loss Settlements. Prompt Payment of Claims.

W. G. MACDONALD, Joint Secretaries.

F. B. MACDONALD, Joint Secretaries.

Losses paid over £17,000,000.

## THE ANGLO-ARGENTINE BANK, LIMITED.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £500,000. PAID-UP, £250,000.

HEAD-OFFICE—15 NICHOLAS LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Bankers—Messrs. MARTIN & CO.

OFFICES AT BUENOS AYRES—56 PIEDAD.

Deposits received at the London Office for fixed periods, at rates of interest to be ascertained on application.

The present rates are 4½ per cent. for one year, 5 per cent. for two or three years.

Letters of Credit, Bills of Exchange, and Cable Transfers issued.

Bills payable in the Argentine Republic negotiated, advanced upon, or sent for collection.

EDWARD ARTHUR, Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

## BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

THREE per cent. INTEREST on DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO per cent. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS when not drawn below £100. The Bank undertakes

free of charge, the Custody of Securities and Valuable; the Collection of Bills of Exchange;

Dividends, and Coupons; and the Purchase and Sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities.

Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, post free on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1868.

## THE LIBERATOR BUILDING SOCIETY.

20 BUDGE ROW, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FIVE PER CENT. paid on Shares (£30 each), and on Deposits of £500 and upwards made for fixed terms.

DEPOSITS OF £5 AND UPWARDS at ONE MONTH'S NOTICE, FOUR PER CENT.

Reserve Fund ..... £85,000.

For particulars apply to the Secretary, HERBERT TEMPLE.